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TERENCE RATTIGAN: Aunt Edna Waits for Godot

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How to Rebuild the Labour Party

BEFORE Aneurin Bevan's dramatic intervention on Tuesday afternoon, the Labour Conference had shown no sign of life. Delegates and leaders alike seemed to have assembled at Margate out of habit, and to be going through the traditional motions without much conviction. The delegates, at least, knew that they could resolve none of the three big problems now facing the Labour Party: at best, they could coast along, hoping that somehow, soon, somebody would settle the succession to Mr. Attlee, work out a policy, and reorganise the party machine. Few of them any longer believe that such decisions are in their hands. Control of Conference, and indeed of the party as a whole, has so clearly passed into the hands of a few large unions that a rank-and-file delegate may be forgiven a sense of impotence.

That is one reason for the ovation that Mr. Bevan received. He remains the symbol of protest. He alone challenges the domination of the big unions and insists that the Labour Party exists not to create an efficient electoral machine, but to remake society. This may seem embarrassing fundamentalism to the men who now control the party, and in fact, in practical terms, neither Mr. Bevan nor those who cheer him have yet translated their principles into a viable statement of policy. Yet no reconstruction of the Labour Party can be successful that does not again enlist the co-operation of the active party workers.

How, then, is the party to be rebuilt? For the moment, Mr. Attlee seems willing and still able to remain. His early retirement would probably mean at least an interim succession by Mr. Morrison, and not even the Deputy Leader's friends can pretend that this would now be much more than a reward for past services. Mr. Morrison can no more rebuild the party in the country than he can reinvigorate the opposition in Parliament. The four years before the next election have to be used to build up new and younger men, both in the House and among the electorate, not to give the old guard a final and probably futile fling.

This is why the Wilson Report means something more than an attempt to give Labour a technically efficient machine. For in its frank self-criticism the rank-and-file member sees hope of a leadership which is both politically imaginative and professionally competent. Mr. Wilson not only tops the constituency poll; his committee has also been permitted to touch the levers of power. And this, to a frustrated membership, is an important augury of change; once there is a serious attempt to overhaul the party organisation, other changes must follow.

Reorganisation alone cannot, of course, rebuild the Labour Party. A new organisation cannot be built except by enthusiastic members, and to reawaken enthusiasm there must be a clear and intelligible policy. Mr. Gaitskell, as his speeches at Margate show, is just as much aware of this as Mr. Wilson. What matters is the content of this policy. Mr. Gaitskell wants the party to forget the rusty platitudes of the past and to consider whether new conditions create new objectives. The Left believes that the original Socialist objectives remain valid, but it is now coming to see that they may be achieved by something other than the old formulas and methods.

Though this difference is important, and though it is embittered by past controversies, Labour cannot climb out of its present troubles unless both wings of the party can become more tolerant and more amenable to reasoned argument. If the liveliness of the Conference on Wednesday leads on to another head-on clash between frustrated Socialists and domineering trade union officials, the party will disintegrate. Only by finding common ground, and by really fighting on such issues as housing, the investment programme, social welfare, colonial and foreign policy, can Labour recapture the support that tired leadership has lost.

Comments on the Week's News

Conference Blunder

Why did the main debate on Labour's future policy take place on a motion so silly that only a score of delegates supported it? It was not the "nationalisers" who were defeated—as some newspapers put it—but a tiny group which believed in handing over confiscated industries to an extreme form of syndicalist control. For this fiasco, the Executive cannot be blamed; it was, indeed, embarrassed that, in October, 1955, Labour should seem to be solemnly discussing confiscation. While the platform is always pleased to have an "ultra" motion on the agenda, because the Left can thus be more easily trounced, in this case the fault lay with the rank-and-file delegates who sat in committee to select one of the mass of resolutions calling for a more resolute and Socialist policy. Of these, only the extreme Govan motion survived and it was quite unrepresentative of the group as a whole. Because delegates are changed every year, too few of them have any experience of the procedure at "grouping" committees, and—as happened last year on the issue of German rearmament—they are so anxious to face the Executive with a clear alternative that they are too easily stampeded behind a simple but impossibly radical motion. This, of course, plays into the hands of the Party managers, not least because it embarrasses some of the trade unions which are willing to vote against the platform on reasonable grounds but cannot back resolutions that would make them a laughing stock or commit Labour to a hopelessly impractical policy. While Labour is reviewing its organisation, it would be sensible for some thought to be given to conference procedure, and especially to the arrangement for compositing resolutions.

The Chancellor's Dilemma

The popular press has latterly tried to minimise Britain's economic crisis. Has not the trade gap shown a reduction in the last month, and, Mr. Butler's apologists ask, are not British exports this year likely to be 10 per cent. above last year's in volume? Was there not even a small surplus on the international accounts for the first half of 1955—after taking American aid into the balance? No doubt, the surplus was much too small; but it was at any rate better than the actual deficit of the previous six months. As for continued gold losses, can they not be attributed to speculation against the pound? And was not Australian, rather than British, over-consumption the real underlying cause of the crisis? The campaign against the wage-earners as the principal sinners seems to be dying down: perhaps it is felt to have done its work by putting the trade union leaders into an accommodating mood for resistance to rank-and-file pressure. Something, no doubt, should still be done to enforce the "discipline" which Mr. Butler proclaims as the necessary partner of the "incentive" (to whom?) he regards as the key to progress. But the new mood is to suggest that, after all, comparatively mild restraints will suffice, especially if they can be applied in such a way as not to offend Tory spenders and not to put much, if any, curb on investment for profit. The obvious Tory answer is that the economies must be, as far as possible, in the Government's expenditure—which means either the social services or the capital investment programmes of the nationalised industries.

Of course, Mr. Butler may have something up his sleeve. His speech at the Conservative Conference added little to what he told the bankers earlier last week; and we shall not know his full intentions until Parliament meets. Presumably, the Chancellor will again temporise. He has to satisfy a schizophrenic Tory Party, torn between its desire to avoid spending more money on wages and welfare and its fears of the political results of doing so. So the ground is being prepared for a disguised attack by instalments, with talk about lower prices in the hope of holding wage demands in check, and with housing as the intended first victim of the return to the class-values of the old order.

Sir John Harding and the Archbishop

Sir John Harding has made the best start open to a Governor of Cyprus within the framework of current British policy. Immediately on his arrival he announced his desire, in the talk "man to man" with representative Cypriots, including both Archbishop Makarios and the Turkish Mufti. Within a week he had met the Archbishop twice in private—once for two hours and, three days later, for a few minutes. It is fairly clear that at the first talk the two men discussed whether any compromise was possible between the Cypriot affirmation of the absolute right of self-determination and the British offer of considerable administrative reform within a system of qualified self-government. This talk seems to have ended in reasonably friendly deadlock, as a result of which the Governor withdrew to collect further instructions from Whitehall. That he received no authority to budge from the position taken up by Mr. Macmillan at the London Conference is clear both from the brevity of his second meeting with the Archbishop, and from the broadcast he delivered last Sunday. In this he declared that the future—i.e., beyond the status of self-governing colony—"is left open and no one has been asked to commit himself." But this really will not do: the Archbishop is in no position to come to terms with such double-talk, even if he wanted to. The proposition that "the future is left open" is, to be sure, a considerable modification of the original flat denial of self-government by Mr. Oliver Lyttelton. But Mr. Macmillan has still not taken the one vital (if disagreeable) step of conceding the basic right (even post-dated) of self-determination; and on Tuesday the talks were officially called off. If the more moderate leaders of Enosis, of whom the Archbishop is one, can make no progress with Britain on this issue, which a huge majority of Cypriots regard as fundamental, they will themselves be displaced by the more violent men now standing impatiently in the wings.

Red Star in the Middle East

Russia's new Middle-Eastern policy is causing consternation in the West. Monday's meeting of the political committee of the Arab League was an occasion of rejoicing among the "neutralist" Arab States. The Western "colonialist" majority in the U.N. was held to be decisively overthrown and the Anglo-American *cordon sanitaire* round the Middle East to have been broken. Iraq is beginning to regret her adhesion to the anti-Egyptian Turkish-Iraq pact, and is once more looking to Colonel Nasser as the international spokesman of the Arab world.

The conference was dominated, however, not by Colonel Nasser, but by M. Daniel Solod, the Russian Ambassador. On Monday he offered not merely to sell Russian arms to all the Arab countries, but also to provide financial assistance for the Egyptian dam at Aswan and the scheme for harnessing the River Jordan, which has been proposed by Jordan, Syria and the Lebanon. The Arab states are well aware of the dangers of military co-operation with the Soviet Union; but, as the Emir Feisal remarked, "my country will, if needs be, buy arms from the Devil." The proposal to assist in development projects is even more important: the "Johnston Plan" for harnessing the Jordan, which is to be financed by the West, envisages some limited co-operation with Israel; if the Russian alternative proves to have no strings of this kind attached, it is the more likely to be accepted. Report adds that Russia is also offering arms to Israel!

Moreover, these concrete Soviet proposals have been linked with a propaganda campaign. The troupe of Russian musicians, which is currently performing at the Cairo Opera House, has amazed and delighted Egyptian audiences by singing local songs in Arabic. Russian diplomats and technicians, who are now swarming through Cairo, are treating their Arab counterparts as equals and not as wayward and unpredictable children—a notable contrast with British methods, as the Egyptian press has not failed to observe. If Britain is to counter this new Soviet penetration of the Middle East, and re-establish her badly shaken prestige, a diplomatic counter-offensive must be launched without delay. This must be based on a more sympathetic and generous approach to the political and economic aims of the Arab States.

Dr. Adenauer and the Saar Statute

That the politics of German reunification are not solely concerned with the Elbe and the Oder must be very clear to Dr. Adenauer since his return from his Luxembourg meeting with the French. At their meeting last week in the Grand Duchy, the Federal Chancellor and M. Faure "reached agreement" on details arising out of the implementation of the Saar statute and announced it all in a communiqué which the majority of West German newspapers consider to be an improper intervention in next week-end's referendum. Dr. Adenauer, indeed, has never had such a bad press as this last week. His dilemma is a difficult one. The people of the Saar are predominantly German in language, habits and self-identification: without the strongest reasons for doing otherwise, most of them would certainly vote against the statute and, by implication, in favour of reincorporation in the Reich. So at this crucial moment a statement by the Federal Chancellor urging the acceptance of the statute could conceivably prevent its otherwise almost certain rejection and strikes most West Germans as an unkind, if not a treacherous, blow at a legitimate German aspiration. The truth is that Dr. Adenauer has far more at stake in the Saar than most of his critics care to admit: his whole policy—and with it the position of the Federal Republic—is based on the unity of western Europe. Is that unity not to include France and Germany? But it is clear that there can be no such unity without some concordat over the Saar. The statute negotiated last year between Dr. Adenauer and M. Mendès-France represented the best compromise which could be

achieved and offers Saarlanders a reasonable constitutional solution of the problem with which geography has burdened them. If it is now rejected, relations between France and Germany will be immeasurably worsened and the policy of western union will have failed its first real test. In the circumstances it is hard to see what else Dr. Adenauer could have done. At least he has managed to secure the agreement of MM. Faure and Pinay to principles which give some safeguard to German interests. Just how serious is the domestic political storm which he has provoked is not yet clear; but he may prefer to chance that, rather than see the European policy to which he has committed himself collapse.

Progress Report on Disarmament

After a session lasting nearly six weeks, the U.N. Disarmament Sub-Committee adjourned last Friday. In contrast with previous sessions, the discussions took place in an atmosphere happily devoid of propaganda; and Mr. Nutting, the British delegate, probably spoke for all when he said, in his final statement, that the area of disagreement had narrowed down to largely technical questions. These are twofold: (1) the mechanics of a system of control, and (2) verification of data provided about thermo-nuclear weapons. On the first point, the Russian control proposals, outlined in their plan of May 10, are thought to be entirely inadequate by the West; and the Russians have refused, despite the prompting of Mr. Nutting, to elaborate them in greater detail. On the second point, both America and Russia are agreed that verification of data on nuclear weapons is no longer technically possible. This view is not entirely shared by Britain, and Mr. Nutting proposed, last weekend, that a committee of scientists, drawn from the five member countries, should be set up to examine the problem. Meanwhile, the three Western delegates are now in Washington, where they will prepare a synthesis of the various Western views which will be submitted to the Foreign Ministers' Conference at Geneva later this month

What Coalition ?

About 75 per cent. of the Indonesian electorate went to the polls in the Republic's first General Election. But, as yet, there is no indication what Government will result. The Islamic vote, which accounted for nearly half the votes, was split; 6,100,000 went to the old-established Masjumi, and 6,300,000 to the Nahdatul Ulama (a strictly orthodox breakaway party from the Masjumi) which seems to have made a tremendous appeal to the peasant masses in Java. Its victory was the biggest electoral surprise. The Communists, firmly based on the trade union movement, polled well, with 5,700,000 votes. The Socialists polled even fewer than was generally expected—less than half a million. The Nationalists (the P.N.I.) emerged as the biggest party with 7,500,000 votes. Alone, it cannot form a Government, so that the remaining question is which party will go into partnership with it. Before it fell last August, the P.N.I. had the support of the Nahdatul Ulama and the Communists, a coalition which is scarcely likely to be repeated. The Nahdatul Ulama is suddenly in a strong bargaining position; it could reunite with the Masjumi and form a strong Opposition to the P.N.I., or it could enter a coalition Government with the P.N.I. Strong personal rivalries between the various party leaders seem likely to go on bedevilling Indonesian political life

Map of India

The proposals of the States Reorganisation Commission, published this week, will mean a second major redrawing of the map of India. The first one was made when the British left the country. When the Report is adopted, as it is likely to be in spite of active opposition from the Punjab, the princely States will have disappeared, and the total number of States will have been reduced from 27 to 16. Three territories—Delhi, Manipur and the Andamans—will be centrally administered. The Commission, aiming at greater integration, turned down the arguments, so forcefully put forward in the past few years, for the division of India on a linguistic basis. This is bound to give rise to opposition, especially from the six million Sikhs, and Mr. Nehru has already appealed for a calm consideration of the Commission's proposals. The Report, with which Mr. Chalapathi Rau (for many years Editor of the *National Herald* of Lucknow) will deal in an article in next week's issue of this journal, was produced by Mr. Fazl Ali, Dr. H. N. Kunzru, and Mr. K. M. Panikkar, the last-named having signed a minority report on the division of the Punjab.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Dulles Without the President

Our American Correspondent writes from Washington: President Eisenhower's relatively steady recovery has for the time being removed the necessity for constitutional changes. But his enforced inactivity is having a marked impact on the conduct of the affairs of state. This is particularly true in the field of international relations. Mr. Dulles is getting ready to return to Geneva for the meeting of the Foreign Ministers, and, although he visited Mr. Eisenhower's bedside earlier this week, Mr. Dulles will, on the whole, be unrestrained by the President's moderating influence. Not that Mr. Dulles has not already paid lip-service to the concept of continuity. Following the President's unfortunate collapse, the Secretary of State asserted that "the policies and principles" of the Administration had been clearly established and that the illness would not jeopardise their prosecution. But, although policy may be set, diplomacy is not. With Mr. Eisenhower as a spokesman, a conciliatory attitude has been possible throughout the summer. Every time Mr. Dulles made his dark and gloomy predictions, there was always the antidote of hope and optimism at the President's own press conferences. But with Mr. Eisenhower removed from this role at least, observers here fear that Geneva is likely to bog down in a morass of endless unresolved negotiations. The positions of the Soviet Union and the United States on Germany, atomic control and general security, and the admission of China to the U.N., are still as far apart as ever. The Foreign Ministers' meeting could not have ever been expected to make more than a start on these matters. But it is important that the patience of the world should not be exhausted, and international morale maintained. This is a function for which Eisenhower was uniquely equipped. Without him, diplomatic observers fear, Mr. Dulles' dour outlook could set the tone at the meeting.

Meanwhile, on the home front it has become clear where the real power is. Although Vice-President Nixon made publicity-seeking gestures of "taking over"—with unseemly haste, some said—Sherman Adams took firm control once he arrived back from Europe. Mr. Adams's title is "Assistant to the President"; but the political wags are saying that he acts as if the "to the" were not in that title. The other strong men seem to be the Secretary of the Treasury, George Humphrey, and Attorney General Brownell. It is said that they have tacitly set themselves up as a triumvirate for the duration of the interregnum. This, of course, is only one of many rumours. Mr. Nixon is still the President's formal stand-in at the Cabinet; and he was the first to see Mr. Eisenhower at Denver, apart from family and personal staff; but it is not known how much influence he has on the formation of policy.

Paris

Reprieve for M. Faure ?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: M. Faure's decision to hold separate debates on Algeria and Morocco was a shrewd manoeuvre, which may enable his Government to survive for a few more weeks. He mobilised the Left to carry through his policy of reforms in Morocco, and the Right for his programme of repression in Algeria. But his success—though unexpected—was doubtless due in part to the deputies' unwillingness to embark on a prolonged Cabinet crisis with the elections only a few months off. The fall of M. Faure might well produce a situation in which no politician would be either able or willing to form a Government, and which might lead to an immediate dissolution. Both the Left (the Socialists and the Mendès-France Radicals) and the Right believe that time is on their side, and that they have everything to gain by waiting for the elections next June. In any case, they know perfectly well that M. Faure's Government is at their mercy. It no longer commands a genuine majority and can be overthrown at any moment. It can also be maintained in power artificially and thus continue to shoulder the responsibility for the deteriorating situation in North Africa.

M. Faure may thus have had a comparatively easy task in the Palais Bourbon. But a much more difficult one awaits him in the Palais Residentiel in Rabat. The paradox of Morocco is that no peaceful solution is possible so long as Boyer de la Tour and his associates remain in control; but at the same time, the war in the Riff is a reality, and to win it M. Faure needs the support of the generals and the *colons*. The solution he is considering at the moment is to "promote" de la Tour to the rank of "Commander-in-Chief of the French Forces in North Africa" and to deprive him of his political functions; M. Panafieu, his principal antagonist, would then become Resident General. But this ingenious plan has one major drawback: the replacement of de la Tour by Panafieu is no guarantee that the Government's policy would be carried out in Rabat. Most of the officials M. Grandval dismissed in July have been restored to their posts by de la Tour, and the Administration is once more firmly in the hands of the *colon* extremists. Moreover, they are now much more confident than before. Their success in securing the removal of M. Grandval has convinced them that they can, when it comes to the point, disobey even the most explicit orders from Paris, and they believe—no doubt rightly—that M. Panafieu has little chance of succeeding where M. Grandval failed.

Three-day Wars and Colonial Wars

CONSCRIPTION in England is no longer attacked on high grounds of pacifist principle, or even as a departure from British tradition. It has simply become an anachronism in the thermo-nuclear age. No technical defence, for instance, was attempted when this journal, as long ago as February, 1954, pointed out that large conscripted armies no longer made military sense, and it was a measure of the conversion of the Service chiefs that there was no protest when we argued that this year's White Paper on Defence, which admitted that another war would be fought with H-bombs, logically demanded a fundamental revision of our entire Defence structure, including National Service. In point of fact, the Government and the Service Chiefs both agreed to this. But only now—after nearly a year's delay—have they finally got round to making changes. How far do they meet our new Defence needs?

The temptation simply to cut National Service has been resisted. A three-month cut would deprive the Army of one-quarter of its corporals, half its lance-corporals and a third of its technicians; it would make the problem of training recruits, which is already straining to the limit the Army's diminishing ranks of regular N.C.O.s, totally insoluble. By cutting down the number of new conscripts, a viable ratio between Regular and National Service troops can once more be established. Under the old system, the number of Regulars, in all three Services, would have fallen from 520,000 in April 1955 to 480,000 in April 1956, while conscripts would have remained at 280,000. The savings effected by the new scheme (about £50m.) will enable the Services to finance a new recruiting policy which should keep the Regular forces at about 500,000; whilst the number of conscripts will fall to about 250,000 by the middle of next year. By the end of 1957, when the transitional period will be complete, the Forces will have been reduced to 700,000—500,000 Regulars, 180,000 conscripts and 20,000 women—and with this ratio, a reduction of the term of National Service to 18 or even 12 months will become possible.

This, then, is the Government's plan for the next two years. But it ignores two factors. First, to raise Defence expenditure beyond its present level of £1,500m. is, as Mr. Butler knows, impossible if the economy is to survive the very severe trials which face it. But the new Government policy, in its present form, will undoubtedly cost more. The savings effected by the delayed call-up will immediately be swallowed up in higher pay for Regulars. If Regulars are to remain at the half-million mark for the next two years, the Government must resign itself to a costly battle to outbid industry. Service manpower costs, at present around £1,000m., may well rise to as much as £1,250m. by 1958. Can this extra £250m. be found within the present Estimates?

The reorganisation of the Service Ministries will clearly diminish the influence of the Admiralty diehards, but there was no sign in Sir Anthony's speech that Britain has decided to abandon her failing claim to naval power, which at present costs us £350m. a year. Again, greater co-ordination between the Air Ministry and the Ministry of Supply will perhaps end the scandal of aeroplane production, which has already wasted £800m.; but if the Government is really to create a strategic air capacity, which can deliver the H-bomb to world-wide targets, the Air Estimates cannot be kept at their present level of £514m. Under the new policy, Civil Defence costs, too, will certainly rise well beyond their present figure of £70m. Finally, the decision, in this year's White Paper, to keep research expenditure at its 1954 figure—perhaps the least defensible decision in the whole of this calamitous document—will have to be abandoned if the new policy is to mean anything. In whichever direction we look, therefore, costs are liable to increase. The only way they can be covered within the £1,500m. limit is by the outright abolition of National Service.

The new Government plans are also open to criticism from a military viewpoint. Nato Defence policy assumes that any future conflict will be a "three-day war," in which huge reserves of conscripts—and even home-based troops already under arms—will be useless. The Forces, in such a war, will consist mainly of a small, highly trained body of front-line troops and the Air Arm. It follows from this that all other available manpower should be mobilised to supply the other necessity of an H-bomb war: Civil Defence, which at present is ludicrously inadequate. The Government has now gone some way towards remedying its defects by organising reservists into Civil Defence battalions and by creating a unified command. But the essence of the problem remains: we shall require some millions of trained Civil Defence troops to mitigate the effects of an H-bomb attack. How can the Government admit our woeful deficiencies in this sphere, yet continue to train hundreds of thousands of conscripts for a war in which they will be useless?

The answer is simple: the Government has to accept the military consequences of its own colonial policy. For there are colonial wars as well as three-day wars. Twenty battalions are required to hold down Malaya, nine for Kenya, four for British Guiana. The manpower we saved by liquidating the Suez base has already been swallowed up by our stultifying policy in Cyprus. With our present commitments in Germany (4½ divisions), and with 40 battalions required to police our colonies, conscription cannot be abandoned. Planning for a three-day war removed the military justification for conscription; the failure to come to terms with the peoples of our colonial empire has restored it. Hence, we must continue indefinitely, it seems, to maintain 200,000 conscripts under arms, at a time when Defence costs are soaring, when industry is desperate for manpower, and when our civilian population lies defenceless. Those Socialists who demand the immediate end of conscription should therefore remember that it is directly linked with our entire colonial policy. And those Conservatives who argue that we cannot "afford" to lose our colonies should count what it costs to retain them.

HERBERT'S QUIFF'S NOW BEING WORN BY HAROLD
THE ROBOT REVOLUTION- OR THE TORY AUTOMATON WHO FAILED TO PUT HIS HAND UP—
THE COMPOSITE CHANCELLOR REPLYING TO A COMPOSITE RESOLUTION—
CARD VOTE
CARD VOTE
CARD VOTE
YOU CAN TRUST Mr. ATTLEDEN!
CON-LAB DICTIONARY OF PLATITUDES
"Ain't it naice - there ain't gonna be no war..."
AUTOMATION LABOUR (MORGANISATION)
VICKY
BOURNEGATE
October 1955

VICKY'S SKETCHBOOK FROM BOURNEGATE

Morocco On the Eve

[Basil Davidson has recently returned from a visit to Morocco which included a journey among the Zayan Confederacy and other Berber tribes of the Middle Atlas]

By a cloak-and-bicycle arrangement such as Miss Rebecca West loves to conjure for the readers of the *Daily Express*—and this time it really happened—I was handed on my way through the Orly airport at Paris, last month, *lettres de cachet* for Arab and Berber leaders.

This was discreet; but I soon saw that it was necessary. For Morocco, on arrival, I found to be crammed with troops and racked with bombs and shots in the dark. Introductions are necessary. And then, if the Englishman's home is his castle, the Arab's tends to be a regular fortification. In Rabat I stood outside a high white wall that was broken only by an iron-studded door: it might have been a prison. The door was opened, however, by a schoolgirl in a gym skirt and white blouse who led me into a charming tiled courtyard where five minor leaders of the Istiqlal rose in greeting. (The major leaders were in Paris.)

Two of these lead the talk: both are former officials of Ben Youssef's *cherifian* government. Since Ben Youssef's deportation in 1953 they have been unemployed. Fortunately, they are men of private possessions, and they suffer in their unemployment only from anger and frustration. Like all good nationalists here, they have given up going to their mosques since these were defiled (as they say) by the stooge Sultan Ben Arafa's presence. Their feelings for the French are a mixture of outrage and dismay, for these are very moderate men who begin to see that moderation makes no progress. They think themselves tricked; and speak of the French as of unreliable hucksters.

I mention the Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakesh and supposedly powerful leader of the Berber tribes of the High and Middle Atlas. They are contemptuous of that "man of brothels" (an almost universally awarded title for the Glaoui, but heard by me for the first time in Paris nine months ago from the greatest of living French Arabists); and they say: "He has no following. He is only a *préfet*." I do not believe them then: afterwards, in the Middle Atlas, I know they are right. The vaunted Glaoui is also a stooge.

Another interview not far from here. This time behind the high red walls of the Sultan's palace, where my card is taken to the stooge Sultan's personal Vizir, El Hajoui, by one of the youthful gunmen of *Présence Française*. Shortly I am received by the Hajoui, a man with suddenly stroking fingers and the appearance of having three or four pairs of eyes. Two weeks later he will be in flight: today he is courtly and suspicious by turns, and yet with dignity. His Majesty, he tells me, will not budge, will never budge. Somewhere beyond, in rooms I cannot penetrate, the old, old man is said to be sitting by himself, accompanied in stricken silence only by a nightingale in a golden cage. For 18 months Ben Arafa has not dared set foot beyond his palace walls. Two weeks later he will run for Tangier.

* * *

Morocco from a bird's eye view is divided into three: the great coastal cities that are French as well as Arab; the Arab plains behind the coast that are cultivated by French settlers and by peasants; and the Berber mountains behind these plains. Violent nationalism was usually confined, until August, to the first of these: in August there were costly outbreaks in the second and third. Above all, I was told, "*C'est le Moyen Atlas qui a bougé.*" I rendezvous with a Berber friend 70 miles outside Casablanca, and motor for the Middle Atlas.

Road blocks, *gardes mobiles*, military patrols, swerving jeeps, trucks topped by rifle-pointing soldiers: we passed them and they passed us all the way to Meknès and beyond. On Meknès scribbled slogans from the month before: "Down with the Government! Long live Juin!" *Présence Française* again.

The hills begin beyond Meknès; and the Berbers. At Azrou, tucked beneath the cliffs of the Middle Atlas, we rendezvous discreetly with two Berber notabilities. After last month's affair, they say, many fled to the hills. Have they come back? Probably, possibly. . . . Have they any arms? Ah, that's difficult to say. . . .

From the window of an upper room, over a narrow lane, one of them points to the steep hillside. "If we have war," he asks, "who will have those hills?" It is rhetorical. Clothed with forest and scrub, those hills would be better for guerilla war, I think, even than Bosnia ever was for the partisans of Yugoslavia. Wasn't this countryside pacified only in 1932? Didn't Abd el Krim, descending in 1925 from hills no different from these (and only two days' riding to the north) drive Spanish and French regiments before him? So far as I can tell, no one in Morocco has forgotten Abd el Krim.

Beyond Azrou the road soars into the clouds. For a while the whole of Morocco glows red and ochre in the dusty distance, floating beneath us, rearing high above us. We talk to a handful of tribesmen encamped beside the road. They tell us they are ordered by the French to guard telegraph poles: for each pole felled in the night they *and* their tribe will pay a fine of 100,000 francs. These men do not seem cheerful. They have been here, alternating with fellow tribesmen, since the beginning of September.

Towards Khenifra we talk to five peasants. Their intense silence thaws to the fellowship of my Berber friend, and one of them, a digger of wells he says (who is walking from Azrou to Khenifra, a nice little matter of 50 miles) speaks for them. If they must, he says, they will fight for their Sultan; and perhaps they must. Who is their Sultan? Emphatically, Ben Youssef (the deposed) and not Ben Arafa (the stooge). The Glaoui? They are formally subject to the Glaoui: they tell us they despise him, for he helped to cast the Sultan down.

Do they really mean to fight? There are shy smiles. The digger of wells says, yes, they do, unless the wrong is righted. A lad of fifteen or so jumps forward and thumps his chest: he is not afraid to die, he says, he is ready to fight if he must. Brave talk? I remember an intelligent Frenchman who said to me in Casablanca: "Those Berbers of the Middle Atlas, they're the source of our best colonial regiments. They've done military service. They can handle guns." Ten days later, at Immouzer, not 50 miles from this place, there will be another eruption and the French will bring in tanks and jets.

Khenifra, dense city of the Zayan confederacy, lies close and tight beneath a table-topped mountain: encircled, just now, by battle pickets of the Foreign Legion. In through the road block: at least there is free circulation for Europeans, and my Berber, being a European, must be "all right." He is; but not quite in that sense.

In Khenifra he searches for a relative, finds him with difficulty. Last August 19 there were riots in this town. "They began with a demonstration, men and women, for Ben Youssef: people in the streets. The police drove them back. So the people began burning the shops of collaborators and sawing down telegraph poles. The troops came. We have buried 57 dead." I wander among the charred ruins and photograph the sawn-down telegraph poles.

"Many went to the mountains." Have they come back? Some have come back. "Others"—a polite smile at this—"are still guarding their beasts up there."

Back-tracking from Khenifra, we turn sharply, pass a final road block, and lift ourselves slowly through the cliffside curtain of hills.

* * *

The village clings flat-topped to a mountainside: from the opposite mountain, I think, you could barely see it even in sunlight. We sit on carpets in a half-lit room: there are skewered bits of lamb to eat, and grapes, and sweet mint tea. Much talk, and to the same purpose. Let the French only stick to their "Faure plan"—bring Ben Youssef from Madagascar to France (at least to France), throw out Ben Arafa, introduce reforms—and all may yet be settled quietly. Otherwise? Yes, there can be more explosions, and worse.

An old man, famous among the Berbers, devoted to France, speaks sadly of betrayal. "France has tricked us." But *war*? He shrugs: "There is talk up here of something like a holy war in preparation. People say: It is not that we do not want order: we want the *marabout*." Which means? "Oh, that they will fight unless there is peace, and only the French, now, can make peace. . . "

And then Oued-Zem, scene last month of an Arab massacre of 70 European men, women, and children. Scene, too, of Foreign Legion reprisals which killed many Arab men, women, and children. How many? Officially, a few hundred. Unofficially, a few thousand.

"So that now, after that," an Arab nationalist says to me in Casablanca, "people aren't going to allow themselves to be killed so stupidly, in swarms. If there's no solution there will be ambuscades and shootings. But more of them. Many more of them."

* * *

In Paris, a chambermaid: "Why've they got to send my friend to Morocco? He came back from service in Indo-China, and we had a week together. A week, I ask you. . . "

BASIL DAVIDSON

IN THIS ISSUE

For the first time since the war we are re-introducing a regular weekly feature on the City. This column will interpret the movements of the Stock Exchange and also significant operations by the banks, the insurance companies and the other financial institutions of the City.
It appears this week on page 486.

NEXT WEEK

The Renault Miracle
AUSTEN ALBU, M.P.

Second Impressions
of Bulgaria and Rumania
NORMAN MACKENZIE

Beau Sabreur
JOHN RAYMOND on Hilaire Belloc

London Diary

THE loudest cheers that greeted Nye Bevan's speech on Tuesday were evoked by his reference to his attempted expulsion from the Party. Many delegates who voted against him as Treasurer, and who may one day accept Mr. Gaitskell as leader, cheered because they agreed that the intolerance of some of the trade union leaders was as much (or more) responsible for disunity as anything Mr. Bevan had said or done. Pseudo friends of Labour in the press are getting quickly off the mark in again urging his expulsion. If their advice were taken, the Wilson Committee would be providing new agents for local parties that had virtually ceased to exist.

* * *

The *Mirror* group, I'm told, has eighteen staff members at Margate, and other papers also send expert reporters. They need to be expert, or else they make howlers like Sir Beverley Baxter, whose comic reports of Margate rashly assumed that Attlee is about to retire, Herbert Morrison to succeed him, that Gaitskell is out of the running because he is too young, and that Bevan "was knocked out in the preliminary bout with Gaitskell." Can it be that Sir Beverley really believes that Bevan's defeat by the Conference in the contest for Treasurer directs the Parliamentary Party's choice of a Leader? He also believes that the great ovation given to Barbara Castle at the opening rally was due to her hatred of the Tories. It was something that he should notice that she got an ovation, because other reporters scarcely mentioned her speech. One observer took the trouble to measure the seconds of applause given to some of the leading figures. Gaitskell got seven seconds of applause on rising, 27 on sitting down; Morrison was given 11 to launch him and 17 to steer him back to his seat. Mrs. Castle received 22 seconds when she began and 49 at the end.

* * *

That Molotov, no longer young and a member of the Stalin Old Guard, has ceased to cut quite the figure he did in Soviet politics, has been obvious ever since he did not accompany Krushchev on the apologetic mission to Belgrade. Since talk of his retirement has been in the air, his very odd apology in the theoretical paper *Kommunist* has been usually supposed to pave the way for his dismissal. It may be so; certainly he cannot have liked publicly admitting an ideological error made last February and adding that it had been politically "damaging." But he is to represent Russia at Geneva as usual and he sticks to the modifying words "in the main," which suggests that the matter is still open to quantitative argument. My own guess—and every comment on this matter is a guess—is that there has been a great argument about the point of advance towards Socialism already achieved by the U.S.S.R. and that the "formulation" is considered unusually important because in the New Year, when the 20th Congress of the Communist Party meets, there are likely to be important changes—perhaps further relaxations in domestic policy. Has Molotov discovered that this ideological slip is likely to be used against him at the Congress? Is it not likely that he hopes to spike his critics' guns by a voluntary apology? Anyway, at the next Party Congress, we may apparently expect real Marxist argument and not the formality of dictated applause.

* * *

My request for information about the amnesty of prisoners in the Communist world has met with an interesting response. Evidence from recent travellers suggests that Bulgaria is comparatively tolerant; I doubt if there is now any large number of political prisoners there. In Rumania, on the other hand, my own information confirms that given in the remarkable letter which appeared in this journal last week: while honest men remain in prison, many of the former Fascists and Iron Guardists have been released in a series of amnesties. The Paris press has now given the names of good Hungarian Socialists released and others still in gaol. French intellectuals have sent a telegram to Rakosi specially requesting the release of Paul Ignotus. There is no case about which I have felt more angry than that of Ignotus. A genuine liberal, he worked steadily against Horthy, and after doing all he could for the Resistance Movement during the war, was Press Officer at the Hungarian Legation in London. After being congratulated on his service here by the Hungarian Government, he went back to Budapest to see his aged father. Why he was arrested and imprisoned I don't know. I have made many private and public protests. Today, on the tide of comparative liberalism, he may have a chance of freedom.

* * *

Until I saw the announcement of his death this week, I had not realised that F. M. Alexander was still living in London at the age of eighty-six. I've always felt sure that, as they say, there must be "a lot in" his system. I can easily believe that some of our evils come from bad management of our muscles and a sloppy way of carrying ourselves. It might even be that some human troubles come from the fact that we are four-legged animals who manage, not too well, to balance ourselves on two legs. Several of my friends pay passionate tributes to his system; the enthusiasm of Stafford and Isobel Cripps led to the building of the Isobel Cripps Centre in Lansdowne Road. I think Alexander was one of those people with a really good idea which developed from genuine personal experience, and who made the mistake of talking as if it were a panacea.

* * *

A very old man got into the carriage. He was carrying a curiously carved stick which was made out of the timber, he said, of one of the many Thames tugs of which he had been Master. He showed me a list of them. He had been afloat, he said, for sixty-four years, and he told me about narrow escapes in the black-out. I said I hoped he had a good pension. No, he had no pension; he'd worked for three companies, and that, it seemed, he regarded as adequate justification. But he took out a wallet and showed me a piece of parchment certifying that he had been many years ago made a freeman of the City of London. And another one for which he'd paid a lot of money, which made him a life Governor of the Guild of Freemen and enabled him to go to various functions without paying an entrance fee. He belonged to an older generation; it never occurred to him that he had been inadequately rewarded for a lifetime's service. When we got to Battersea Bridge, he jumped up, forgetting for the moment the rheumatism that bent his back. "There she is," he said, with a kind of reverent excitement, and he stood up gazing at the river until she was out of sight.

* * *

Coming home from the Midlands in the evening, I sat down opposite a little girl and her mother. I remembered that I had a packet of orange and lemon fruit drops. Very primly, the little girl refused. "No," said her mother, "she's funny like that. She never eats sweets or ice-cream, and she saves up her pennies to buy a new frock." In the opposite corner, a schoolboy sat by himself. He also refused a sweet; I felt I had made a social error in offering a twelve-year-old something that has just been refused by a maid of half his age. Rebuffed, I settled down to read my book and eat my sweets by myself. Suddenly the carriage was crowded. Three dogs, with two ladies in tow, got into the carriage. The dogs were very well behaved. They sat partly on their mistresses' laps, and partly occupied seats for themselves. Whether they took half-price tickets like the children, I don't know. I decided to have a quiet dinner where I could read my book undisturbed. In the dining car there was one seat left, where I was immediately and most good-naturedly pounced upon by all the other people at that table and the next. "Was I a soccer player?" I admitted I had once played soccer. "That's too bad," they said, "because we're a rugger team." "I did at one time also play rugger," I admitted, "but very badly." "That's just what's the matter with us," they shouted. "We've just lost 24—3." Obviously it was a case for celebration. There were rounds of brandy and cigars, and songs, and an extremely level-headed and agreeable girl joined us from somewhere. Everyone was gay and no one was drunk. There was a guessing game about my identity, and by the time we reached Paddington I had become Mr. Queensbury Smith, and was being invited to a West-End church where, I was told, a defrocked Archdeacon would introduce me to a medium. I felt I had learnt something. The youngest generation might despise sweets. The intellectuals might have a different set of complexes. But the hearties were just the same as they were when I was at Cambridge, except that they seemed to me to be more agreeable, less tight, and more friendly to strangers. It's really very instructive, travelling in England.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The annual charity ball, to be held by the Mayor and Mayoress of Stockton at the Maison-de-Danse, Stockton, on Thursday, October 20, will virtually open the Stockton social season this year. —*Middlesbrough Evening Gazette.* (N. P. Lloyd.)

The use of right hon. for peers below the rank of marquess is simply a matter of the last few centuries, but to try to upset it now would be churlish.—Letter from the editor of *Burke's Peerage.* (H. G. Button.)

Cook required for large Surrey private establishment; one lady in family; staff 13; three in kitchen; £8.—Advert in *Surrey Advertiser and County Times.* (M. James.)

A man was making a 'phone call in Cannon Street underground station when it closed last night. The lights went out and he found all the exit gates locked.

He dialled 999. Said the operator: "That's for life-and-death. Dial 'O.'"

He dialled "O" and spoke to *the same* operator, who told the City police.—*News Chronicle.* (T. S. Jamieson.)

As people stood with bowed heads among television sets and radiograms, the Vicar of Bognor Regis (Dr. W. G. Sinclair Snow) blessed a new television and radio shop which was opened at London Road, Bognor, on Saturday.—*Bognor Regis Observer.* (A. G. Marshall.)

The Labour M.P.

FROM a study of short biographies of the 277 members of the Parliamentary Labour Party, two pictures emerge. The first is of a boy born into a poor, overcrowded home in the late Victorian era. At 13 or 14 he leaves school for the pits or the railway or any industrial job open locally to an untrained lad. As soon as he is old enough, he joins his union. He joins the Labour Party before he is 20. By 30 he is the member of a local authority. His industrial job remains the same and he becomes increasingly important in his union. He advances also in the Council. He becomes in turn chairman of the Education Committee, chairman of the Finance Committee, leader of the Council, Mayor, Justice of the Peace. Finally, in middle age, to crown his achievements, he is sent to Parliament. Here his progress ends. He continues to be a useful and respected public servant both in and outside the House; but owing to his age, Parliament has not been able to make a maximum use of his abilities. Several years elapse before he has mastered one of the most difficult and exacting of all professions. No Ministerial post is open to him while the Tories are in power. By the time a Labour Prime Minister comes to examine the back-benches for likely recruits for office, he is too old for a Junior Ministerial post and too inexperienced to be a Minister. Today he is 60. Financially he is little better off than he was as an industrial wage earner. His lodgings in London are expensive and he cannot afford a secretary. He cannot save and he cannot afford to retire.

The second picture is that of a boy born in the Edwardian era. He is the bright son of lower-middle class parents who appreciate his talents and encourage him to work for scholarships that will take him to a secondary school and the University. There he becomes interested in politics. His sympathies are Leftish and he joins the university Labour Club. He is active in the Union and the college debating society. He attends political meetings outside college. By the time he has graduated, he is convinced that he would like to be an M.P. His immediate chances are negligible. He has to earn his living so he finds a job as a lecturer or school teacher or as an assistant on the staff of a newspaper. He joins his constituency Labour party and devotes all his spare time to politics. He becomes a member of the management committee and a vocal delegate at Conference. He is on the speakers' panels, provided by Transport House and the Fabian Society, and does a fair amount of public speaking. He is adopted for a hopeless seat and fights one election. Then, when still under 40, his great chance comes. He is adopted for a likely-looking seat and soon after becomes an M.P. Today he is nearing 50; but he has been a Junior Minister, perhaps a Minister. When Labour returns to power, he has a chance of office. And if he is not fortunate in that respect, he is still young enough and hopeful enough to take an interest in politics; to speak regularly in the House; to sit on Standing Committees and Party Committees and, if skilful with a pen, to subsidise his income by journalism.

How far can these men be said to represent a large number of Labour M.P.s? In externals, the 113 M.P.s who were wage earners and active in their unions before coming into the House, have much in common with the first man. Eighty-two per cent. of them left an Elementary school for work at 13 or 14. Thirty-five of them were miners; 51 were workers in transport or one of the distributive trades or in the manufacturing industries. Nearly three-quarters were important

Not so silly!

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officers or officials in their unions and well over half were members of local authorities. Their average age today is 57. Forty-two are over 60. Ten are over 70. They have been more successful in obtaining office than the thumbnail sketch suggests. Twenty-six of their number have been members of a Government and 10 are Privy Councillors. But it is worthy of note that the average age of entry to Parliament of those obtaining office was 40 years, and of the rest 48.

And what of the non-trade union members? Outwardly they are more heterogeneous than the second sketch suggests. Thirty-eight have been to public (boarding) schools and over 100 of them to a university. Five were at Eton or Harrow and 47 at Oxford or Cambridge. Occupationally they display great variety—ministers of religion, managing directors, university professors, doctors, dentists, pawnbroker, butcher, farmer, surveyor and, not least, a world champion woman sprinter. But by far the most common occupations are teaching and the Bar, which between them account for 80 Labour M.P.s. Those with private incomes large enough to ease their paths before coming into the House can be counted on two hands. The average age of first entry to the House of the non-trade union group is 40. Forty of their number are ex-Ministers or Junior Ministers, 16 of these having been at public schools. The relative success of the public school group in obtaining office is due no doubt to the fact that, like their opposite numbers on the Tory benches, they enter the House some five years earlier than their colleagues who were at other schools. They can thus learn the ropes, display their talents and catch the eye of their leaders whilst still too young for office. The average age today of the non trade-union group is 50. Thirty-six of them are over 60, but on the whole they have a younger and more hopeful look than their trade union colleagues.

Unlike the Tory party, the Parliamentary Labour Party can pride itself that in a very real sense it represents those whom it serves. Its members have been drawn in appropriate proportions from every income group and type of school and from a surprisingly wide variety of occupations. Its greatest handicap is that its members arrive too late. The position is not improving. Indeed it is worsening, since the average age of entry of those elected to the House since 1950 is greater by some months than that of those elected before that year. And this is all the more unfortunate in that when a party is declining in strength it is the younger members in marginal seats who are apt to disappear. Thus the party is not being revitalised by young people at a time when its needs for them is greater than usual.

The age at which Labour M.P.s first enter Parliament is in the hands of constituency Labour Parties. The solution is not to adopt a higher proportion of public school and university men merely because they offer themselves at an earlier age. The three-quarters of the nation who left school for work at 14 must be adequately represented in Parliament. The problem that constituency Labour Parties have to solve is how to recognise great gifts and steadfastness of purpose in young men before their names are known to the general public. Many whom they have considered fit to represent them at the age of 50 could with great advantage have been chosen when they were no more than 35. The whole Labour Party is discussing reorganisation. But no form of reorganisation can remove from the constituency Labour Parties the responsibility of the wise choice of parliamentary candidates.

MARY STEWART

Seretse Khama's Country

ON a shelf a giraffe's long tibia bone proclaimed the normal use of the room; the local veterinary officer had lent it to me for the morning. In front of my table two plain wooden benches set at an angle carried the delegation. Outside a crowd stood around, not quite sure whether they would be allowed to approach the government offices where we were meeting. A few rooms away from us the Regional Officer and the District Commissioner were making a show of continuing routine work, though it was obvious that more than half their minds were turned towards the veterinary officer's room.

The leader of the group before me was Keaboka, a short, slight, broad-browed man with a somewhat dry manner, but a most attractive face and charming smile. He is fourth in the line of succession to the Bamangwato chieftainship, being preceded by Seretse, Tshekedi and Rasebolai. Seretse was in exile 6,000 miles away in London. Tshekedi had also been banished and then allowed to return; he has renounced his claims to the succession and built himself a new village at Pilikwe, 50 miles away on the eastern side of the railway. Rasebolai had followed Tshekedi into exile in protest against the tribe's acceptance of Seretse's marriage to a white woman, then returned and been created Native Authority by the British administration, although on two separate occasions the tribe had refused to accept him as Chief in place of Seretse. Keaboka himself had for a time led the tribe in the absence of his three seniors, but later had been imprisoned for his alleged part in the disturbances of 1952.

Keaboka's ten companions consisted of a delegation claiming to represent the majority of the Bamangwato tribe in the Serowe area. I had been pressed ever since entering the Protectorate to allow them to hold a tribal *kgotla* so that a full tribal discussion on the present situation could take place. Fearing that such a mass meeting might be the occasion for renewed disturbances and believing that I could secure more information from private conversations, I had resisted the proposal. Instead delegations such as this put the views of their followers to me.

The men stood up in turn giving their names and positions in the tribe, describing the feelings of their people on the chieftainship issue. Many of them betrayed deep emotions, particularly one grey, grizzled, rheumy ancient who broke down completely and wept copiously as he spoke of the enforced absence of their young chief. As each spokesman resumed his seat he gave me the traditional tribal greeting, "*Re tlele ka pula*," "Let rain come to you," or "May you bring us peace!"

There was no doubt whatever of the genuine anxiety of these men, and of the crowd to whom they reported back in the courthouse shortly afterwards, for the return of Seretse. They have hardly seen or known the man Seretse, for most of his adult life was spent away in Fort Hare, Oxford and London and his sojourn amongst his people after his marriage was brief. Yet they saw him growing up amongst them as boy and youth destined to become the inheritor of the tradition established by his grandfather, the Great Khama, and perhaps, for some of them, relieving them from the stern rule of his uncle Regent Tshekedi.

Yet I was less impressed by the unconditional desire of Keaboka and his companions for Seretse's return than by the views expressed by other personalities amongst the tribe. Keaboka and his delegation represented the unwavering support of Seretse's followers; what was more impressive was the conviction of those who opposed his marriage of the necessity for his return. Rasebolai and Tshekedi are as equally convinced as Keaboka that the tribe needs Seretse with them. Chief Bathoen, the progressively minded leader of the Bangmaketse tribe, with 27 years' administrative experience and an unsurpassed record of tribal development, expressed equal conviction. Chief Molefi of the Bakgatla tribe and Chief Mogoksi of the Bamalete are of the same opinion.

It should not be assumed that this unanimous conviction makes the issue simple. Amongst all these tribal leaders there are different opinions regarding Seretse's marriage. Everyone denies that this is anything to do with colour prejudice; the issue, they insist, is the principle of tribal custom which demands a chief's consultation with his tribe before marriage. Yet in reality it is the question of colour which is really behind the issue. There might have been some slight censure if Seretse had married a black woman without consultation, but there would have been no serious

Instructions to the Painter for a Bournemouth Tableau

Paint first the Butler, solemn and austere,
Filling Venetian glass with watered beer;
Ignoring gibes, among the guests he goes,
Eager to hear, unwilling to disclose.
Free with old saws, conservative with kegs,
He offers little but the acrid dregs;
Urbane, contemptuous of the common grouse,
The perfect servant in an ill-kept house,
He smiles so blandly, who would ever guess
His Hubbard pantry's gaping emptiness?

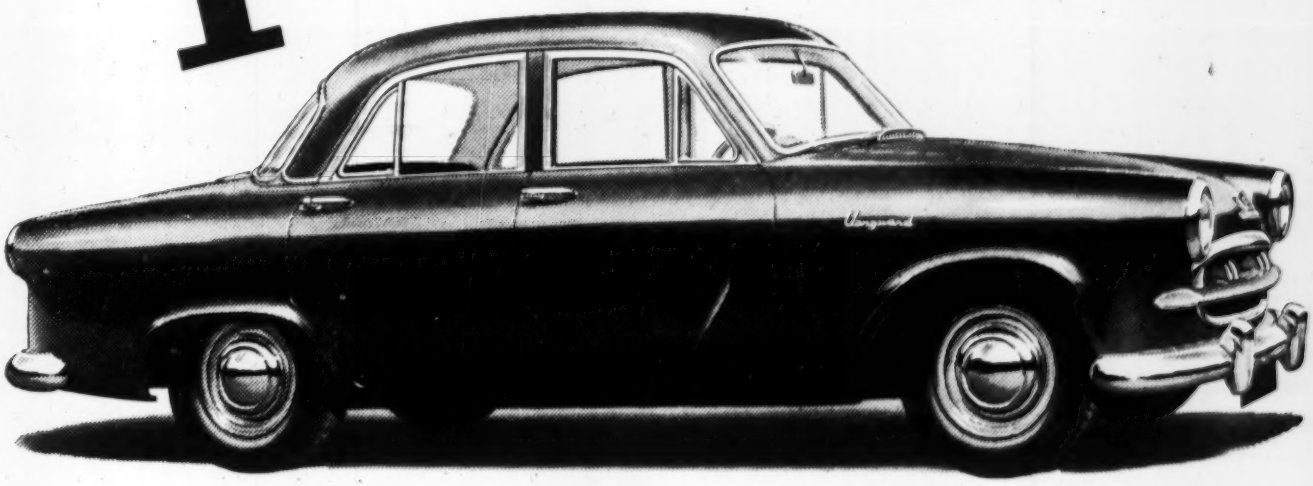
Then, Painter, limn Macmillan, full of hope,
Peddling his harmless, anaesthetic dope;
Show the conviction on his earnest face
That Peace is winning in the human race.
But paint a background of selected maps—
Formosa and the mainland and, perhaps,
Morocco, Cyprus and the Middle East,
Where threats loom larger which have never ceased;
Then show Geneva, with a question mark. . . .
(Memo: Macmillan whistling in the dark?)

Next paint the morons, with myopic eyes,
Urging the claims of Private Enterprise;
They wave in panic the *Financial Times*
And urge the Government to bolder crimes.
Paint them with cudgels—eager to defend
A flag on a substantial dividend,
Brockway to lynch and Leslie Hale to drub
(With Kingsley Martin in his cynic tub).
A bloody pentimento, just by chance,
The beauty of your canvas might enhance:
Rhodes, Jamieson and all the dirty work
Since Dizzy sold his honour to the Turk.

Paint last Sir Anthony, in Winston's shoes,
Wanting a change and yet afraid to choose;
His pygmy cohorts he surveys in vain,
Wishing Welsh Wizards could bequeath a brain;
Mouthing a platitude to mask a curse
(Fearful to shuffle lest the deal be worse)
He looks aghast at his ungainly crew,
Seeing too many, fancying too few.
Yet, with the confidence that numbers give
(The lobby is not fitted with a sieve),
He looks at Northern Ireland, where defeat
Can earn a Tory candidate his seat. . . .
Mindful of Boney and the Big Battalions,
He smiles upon his rabble of rapscallions.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

IT makes history!



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concern. Simply to condemn the disturbance caused amongst the tribe as unwarranted colour prejudice is, nevertheless, unfair; what would the reactions be if the British Queen had decided to marry a Negro? It is, in fact, remarkable that so many of the tribe were prepared and are still anxious to accept a white Queen, or the white wife of a Seretse employed in some capacity other than that of tribal chief.

It may seem that hereditary chieftainship should not be such an essential issue for the mass of the people; again we should remember the attachment to our own monarchy. The simple fact is, however, that Britain has employed the Lugard principle of indirect rule in Bechuanaland and that thus the whole structure of administration is still dependent upon chieftainship. This policy is clearly breaking down under the pressure of modern conditions, but this is hardly realised as yet by the majority of the people.

Bechuanaland is a poor country constantly threatened by South African imperialism; its revenue depends upon the customs agreement with the Union; its railways and postal services are run by South Africa; its main wealth derives from cattle breeding and meat sales to the Union.

Any hope of development in these circumstances depends upon two factors. First, internal peace, unity and sound administration within the tribes, and second, the British Government must stiffen its backbone against Union influence. Why, for instance, should the Protectorate be administered from Mafeking, which is inside South Africa? Why should South African practices of segregation be practised in post offices and on the railway? Why are Africans paid less than Europeans for the same work and responsibilities?

The issue of tribal unity is essentially bound up with the position of Seretse. Economic development in Bechuanaland will almost certainly have to be gradual; the country is dry and, although it produces fine cattle, an expansion of the cattle population very largely depends upon the development of water supplies. That there are minerals, particularly in the Bamangwato Reserve, is well-known, and at least two companies are interested in their development. That some progress in political thought towards more modern democratic institutions has been made is evident from the discussions within the African Advisory Council, where a Legislative Council has been demanded, and in the infant council system already begun by Chief Bathoen in his Reserve. An expansion of educational opportunities, particularly in higher education, is essential, not only to develop the present low standard of education in the Protectorate, but also to offset the effects of the South African ban on the admission to their schools of children from all three High Commission territories.

In all these channels the Bamangwato tribe would normally be expected to take the lead. They are the largest, most powerful and usually most progressive tribe. For seven years now they have stagnated, rent by the divisions, confusion and frustration of the Seretse issue. They continually refuse to take decisions on major tribal issues, such as mineral rights, in the absence of their chief. The paramount importance, therefore, in the Bamangwato Reserve, and indeed for the whole Protectorate, is to heal the wounds of the past, bring together the two factions within the tribe and re-create through unity Bamangwato progressive leadership. The tribal leaders themselves recognise the impasse into which they have sunk and the danger which it presents to the whole country. They are anxious to find a way out and they look to Britain for the opportunity.

JOHN HATCH

Fleet Street Notebook

LAST week the *Daily Sketch* announced its latest circulation figures. All other popular daily papers are having a struggle to hold sales. Most are at present losing readers—the rise to 2d. has so far lost just over 37,000 to the *News Chronicle* and about 35,000 to the *Herald*; even the sales of the *Mirror* have fallen, although not proportionately to the same extent. But the *Daily Sketch*, also at 2d., has gone to a new high record. In the last three months it has put on 40,000, which brings its total rise in circulation in just over two years to approximately 400,000. Its total figure is still, of course, small by current standards; about the same as that of the *Daily Telegraph* and less than a quarter that of the *Mirror*. But its boast that it is "Britain's fastest growing newspaper" is amply justified.

There is no mystery about the cause of this dramatic change of fortune. Its implications are of a good deal of social and journalistic importance. Nor is it easy to draw anything but gloomy conclusions from them. When a combination formed by Lord Rothermere and Mr. W. Emsley Carr's *News of the World* bought the paper from Lord Kemsley in December, 1952, they appointed a new editor, Mr. Herbert Gunn (formerly of the *Daily Mail*), who threw the suburban high-mindedness Lord Kemsley had pinned his faith to out of the window, and prepared to serve piping hot daily a full diet of "cheesecake, sex, crime, and alarm-ringing"—to quote the American magazine *Time's* apt listing of present priorities in the *Sketch* office.

Mr. Gunn is the only editor of a national newspaper to be formally and publicly reprimanded by the Press Council for "actions falling below the best journalistic standards and deserving of professional censure." But although the Press Council may not like Mr. Gunn, a rapidly increasing number of the reading public obviously do.

The success of the *Sketch* under its new regime is sometimes put down to blatant copying of the *Mirror*. But this is very far from being the case. True, the *Sketch* has copied a good deal of the *Mirror's* make-up. But what makes the record rise in circulation since it embarked on its present policy so significant is not its likeness to the *Mirror* but its difference from it. For all its loudness and brashness the *Mirror* has always had a social conscience; it is treating politics and world affairs more seriously every day.

The *Sketch* represents the biggest retreat yet seen in daily journalism, not only from politics, as such, but from the whole field of public affairs as newspapers have commonly understood them, even when they have devoted a good deal of their space to more frivolous matters. This, in fact, would appear to be one of the chief reasons for its rapid rise in circulation. The extent of this retreat from politics compared with the *Mirror*, which it otherwise most closely resembles, can be seen by glancing at copies of both chosen at random over the past few days. The sentence on the I.R.A. raiders gave the *Mirror* its lead story. The *Sketch* put it on the back page and led with "Blonde in Marriage Riddle Vanishes." The *Sketch* is nominally a Conservative paper. But although Sir Walter Monckton's speech to the Conservative Conference provided the *Mirror* with its front page splash and it devoted its two centre pages to other Conference reports, the *Sketch* almost ignored the Conference on that day except for a reference by a columnist. Its front page was taken up with two stories: "Innocent Girl, 17, is Held In Prison" and "ITV Viewers Will Do The Sacking." Sir Anthony Eden's speech got front page treatment in the *Mirror*. The *Sketch* ignored it entirely. Its lead story was: "Fear Grips Prisoner 2635." On the same day the *Mirror* gave a double page spread to the Labour Party Conference. The *Sketch* gave a down column story on the back page.

To the *Sketch* nothing is as important as sex and crime. Typical headlines are "No Jail For Sugar Daddy of Sixty." "Model Who Posed For Lover Sobs As He Is Jailed," and (one of few foreign stories) "Red Hot Momma and Tails In Gay Moscow." But although it devotes much more of its total space to such stories than the *Mirror* (itself never backward in these matters) its rapid circulation rise is based also on the theory that features have even more pulling power than news—unless it is very sensational or very spicy. It carries, as is to be expected, a page of strip cartoons. One of the most popular of them is a science fiction adventure strip in which well-developed young women in tightly fitting black uniforms act as a strong-arm police force. But in addition it gives its readers a page of comic drawings each day and carries a series of inset supplements throughout the week. These include "*Women's Sketch*"—typical opening feature: "Judge Who Wants Two Wives Has Settled For One"—and "*Junior Sketch*" which is made up mainly of science fiction strips for toddlers and a quite good one about wild animals. Yet another supplement, "*Teenagers Sketch*," has been launched this week. Its opening attraction is a series on "Women In The Life of Johnny Ray." The *Sketch*, in fact, boasts that it has something to appeal to all the family and its rapidly rising circulation seems to justify its claim. There seems food for thought for many of us in that fact.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Shelley, Plain

GREAT store has been set by first meetings. There is both a terror and an enchantment about them. A terror if, like the quaking Max, the encounter is all rigged out in the chilly habiliments of formality, a "come to lunch on Friday, *do*." "I laid my hand irresolutely against the gate . . . I withdrew my hand, I went away. Out here were all the aspects of common modern life. In there was Swinburne. A butcher-boy went by, whistling. He was not going to see Swinburne. He could afford to whistle." Or an enchantment if, like Havelock Ellis, you can set your glass at the world, armoured from the inquisitive head to the daring toe with a clinical detachment. "The doors opened and an apparition made its appearance which was Proust . . . he gave the impression of an exhumed corpse in remarkable preservation, in all black clothes, of the cut of 1890. . . . His dead black hair was worn too long, the great dark rings round his eyes and his waxlike hands . . . and his whispering voice . . . threw a chill over the gathering." The chill, you notice, has been thrown over the gathering, not over Havelock Ellis. He is the trained observer of human foibles. Nothing chills or warms him. The levelling bubble of his spirit does not slither from the even tenor of its way. He could, one feels, have made notes in the presence of Lear.

But there is a third meeter—of which I am one. The worshipper. The postulant from afar. I would, in other circumstances, have glowed at the stage-door of the London Palladium or intruded

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my doting ways on Miss Greta Garbo, except, that for me (like Boswell, that blatant doter), it is word over all. Indeed my heart goes out to Boswell on that never-to-be-forgotten Monday in May, 1763, as he sat drinking tea behind the bookshop in Russell Street and the great Panjandrum with gnarled wig and even more gnarled manners, hoved into view. "Don't tell where I come from!" he besought the bookseller. But it is no good. The Doctor is all sledgehammers that morning. "Jackanapes" he no doubt mutters to himself. What he says out loud is much worse. Snub follows snub. Boswell wilts; flounders. Then with a rallying detachment, such as that which allows one to follow a dentist's patter, he forces himself, doormat that he is, to record those first sententious sayings. "The notion of liberty amuses the people of England, and helps to keep off the *tædium vitæ*," he notes, lightly enough, but his heart breaks. A first meeting with a mammoth could scarcely have been less mauling.

Who, given the chance, they ask, would you like to meet most? You wonder. Poets, cricketers, the Dalai Lama, Miss Mitford, the Queen of Tonga . . . it is impossible. You give up—or rather you give in and settle on somebody in whom, at the most, your interest could only be limited. The true influencer, the living progenitor of all you most admire in life and art, is forgotten.

"I would like you," murmured the kind friend at the crowded party, "to meet Mr. Forster."

Like swimmers cleaving a brilliant sea, we set out for the sofa. Occasionally in the swirl of dresses and talk it seemed quite near, and then it was lost, hidden behind a montage of claret-cup and faces. It was not easy. With siren tales they sought to divert us, smiled, thrust wine before us. But we were graceless and pressed on. Then suddenly, all at once, we were there and I was looking down and E. M. Forster was looking up. He, the most kind, the most humble, the most tremulously helpful of men, patted me to a seat at his side. And now, he seemed to infer, be good enough to talk. This is a party, you know, and people are expected to do as much!

But I am dumb, stupid, silent and shift uneasily on the sofa. How can I say what I think in the midst of such general insouciance—what it means to me? Giving me up, he began to talk himself, the smallest of small-talk. It is reassuring and perhaps meant to be. Assured, I find myself telling him of the first time I had even seen him, a month or so before. I was walking along a very desolate road by the sea. There was a waste of shingle over which the sea crawled in lappets and pennants and a subdued noise of great sadness as the flints and pebbles clinked in their eternal propinquity. Walking towards me was a slight figure in a dark overcoat and a cloth cap. We drew near. There was a suspicion of greeting, no word, no movement, but a little release of human warmth as though his compassion was too great to let a stranger pass on a bleak road without an inward acknowledgment.

"Yes," he said, "I was going to see Miss Veramy, you know." I did not know, but I suddenly saw it all. Miss Veramy in her cosy room, elderly, intelligent, pouring out tea. Sometimes people dropped in, the vicar, the colonel, a Mr. Forster who wrote. As he spoke I noticed the curiously defenceless lenses in his large round spectacles, his small, shapely hands, the priestly look, made even more so by the thick tonsure-like hair. His face was a little tanned, its line, cordate, recessional, "the chinless men" as he himself describes a contemplative class which must save the world from the bulldogs.

The waves of the party cast themselves gaily at the sofa. It is impossible to talk. Almost as mournful as Boswell I blame myself for stupidity, tactlessness, tiresomeness. Mr. Forster still smiles, but this I think is merely the evidence of charity. Having frittered and floundered I would end by boring. I must go. But how? His glass isn't quite empty, but I take it.

"May I get you a drink?" I ask. It is really a supplication.

"*Please*. How *very* kind."

In a moment my place is taken. As I give him his claret-cup, he nods to me with a comforting loyalty, whilst at the same time offering more than adequate attention to the newest hesitancies being released at his side. RONALD BLYTHE

The Arts and Entertainment

Aunt Edna Waits for Godot

"THERE you are," she said at last, and stirred her cocoa angrily, "the critics—all wrong as usual."

I sighed into my whisky. I had been expecting this. In the taxi, on the way from the Criterion Theatre to her West Kensington hotel, Aunt Edna had been broodingly silent, and two little red marks of anger had burned under her cheekbones. Usually she likes to prattle, about the play, if she has enjoyed it, or about Uncle Fred's arthritis, if she has not. But this occasion had been plainly ominous of disaster.

I sipped my drink and awaited the inevitable onslaught. "The critics are so stupid. Goodness, they madden me sometimes. Do you remember what they said about this play?"

"Vaguely. I think most of them praised it."

Aunt Edna put down her cocoa cup with an angry clatter.

"Of course they praised it. It's just the sort of play you'd expect them to praise. That's not what I mean. Don't you remember what they said about *me* and this play?"

"I think they said that you wouldn't like it a bit."

"Yes, they did, and that just shows how little they know about me. They're always telling me what play I'm going to like and what play I'm going to dislike and they're nearly always wrong. I don't know why, but they seem to think I'm some kind of cretin and that my taste is a mile behind Cousin Marie's in Paris, and Cousin Rose's in New York. Well, I grant it's a *different* taste. After all, they're French and American, and I'm English. But why should it be *behind*? Anyway, in this case they're quite wrong. I enjoyed my evening very much indeed."

She glared at me, as if I were a critic. I must admit that, if I had been, I could hardly have been more surprised. So surprised, that I even suspected for once that she might be lying, although I knew perfectly well that she never does. In the theatre she had certainly not seemed to be enjoying herself. She had laughed very little and wept not at all. Nor had the excitements of Mr. Beckett's plot drawn her to the edge of her stall. Indeed, for reasons which will be readily apparent to those who have heard Mr. Beckett's plot, it would have been most surprising if they had.

What then had pleased her? I assumed it was the message, and said so.

"Don't be so idiotic," she retorted crossly. The play had plainly stimulated her in a very curious way. Very rarely indeed does she use that tone of voice to me.

"The message, for Heaven's sake! That life is a dull and sordid and frustrating business and that all of us spend our lives just passing the time and waiting for something to turn up?" She made a contemptuous sound and then added suddenly and suspiciously: "That *was* the message, wasn't it?"

"It certainly seemed to be."

"I only ask because everyone always seems so convinced that I can never understand an author's message properly."

"*I've* never doubted your capacity for understanding messages, Aunt Edna."

"Why should you? You've hardly tested it yet."

Goodness, she was in an ugly mood. I looked suitably hurt, sipped my whisky and said nothing.

"Anyway, if that *was* the message, do you really think that was the reason I enjoyed the evening? Do you think I haven't heard exactly the same message from a hundred other playwrights, and often, I may say, far better expressed? To take just one example, from dear Mr. Chekhov—"

Dear Mr. Chekhov, indeed! I had to have my revenge. "I seem to remember the time," I said, "when dear Mr. Chekhov was that morbid, Russian, introspective bore."

"I think you are confusing me with your *Great-Aunt* Edna," Aunt Edna replied icily. "She made her mistakes in her day, I grant. For instance, she said a lot of very silly things about that delightful play of Mr. Ibsen's—*Ghosts*. Open sewer and all that—or was that a critic? Anyway, it doesn't matter. My tastes are not the same as hers, although everyone still seems to think they are. After all, in the last few years, I've been to Mr. Ibsen and Mr. Chekhov and Mr. Strindberg and Mr. Shaw and Monsieur Anouilh and Monsieur Sartre and Mr. Eliot and Mr. Fry and Mr. Ustinov and Mr. Congreve and Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Wilde and Mr. Shakespeare and Mr. Marlowe and Mr. Webster and Mr. Otway and even that interesting, if rather depressing, Mr. Sophocles, and I've thoroughly enjoyed them all, as the records will show. Your Great-Aunt never seemed to enjoy anything very much except Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, or Sir Henry Irving and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in shocking parodies of Mr. Shakespeare. Times change, you see, and I've changed with them. But nobody seems to have noticed it, least of all those silly critics. Which, of course, explains why they thought I'd hate *Waiting for Godot*."

"I'm glad you liked the play, Aunt Edna."

Her voice became very sharp. "I didn't say I liked the play. I said I enjoyed the evening. There's a big difference. How could I like the play, seeing that Mr. Samuel Beckett plainly hates me so much that he's refused point-blank to give me a play at all? I wonder why he hates me so much?" she asked herself musingly.

"Perhaps he's written other plays that you or Cousin Marie haven't been to see."

"Well if that's so, then they couldn't have been very good plays or very well done." Aunt Edna is always very firm on this point. She claims that in two thousand years of playgoing she and the cousins and the great-aunts have never missed a masterpiece. A little slow sometimes, she admits, in catching up on them, but always there, in the end, ready to applaud.

"Anyway," she went on, "Mr. Beckett's making

a great mistake to hate me. If he didn't he might have written a very good play indeed. I suppose he's a highbrow but even a middlebrow like myself could have told him that a really good play has to be on two levels, an upper one, which I suppose you'd call symbolical, and a lower one which is based on story and characters. By writing on the upper level alone, all Mr. Beckett has really done is to produce one of those things that thirty years ago we used to call Expressionist drama—you wouldn't remember that of course—and that's a movement that led absolutely nowhere. Well, it couldn't, could it? I mean it stands to reason, doesn't it?"

"Does it, Aunt Edna?"

"Of course it does. The theatre is a place for emotion, and how can you be moved by symbols alone? Which makes you cry more in *Lear?* The storm scenes or the Cordelia-Lear recognition scene?"

"The Cordelia-Lear recognition scene, I suppose."

"Exactly," Aunt Edna snapped. "Plot and character, not symbolism. A ridiculous plot, I grant, and characters that hardly exist, *qua* characters, at all. But Mr. Shakespeare had to have them as a foundation because, if he hadn't, all his fine symbolism would have come tumbling down on to the stage in pieces, and the world would have lost a masterpiece and I'd have missed all those nice cups of tea crying over dear Sir Laurence and dear Sir John and dear Mr. Wolfit—oh, of course, and dear Mr. Redgrave too, only he does *frown* so if one so much as rattles a cup. Yes," she concluded with a sigh, "I'm afraid Mr. Beckett won't ever write a really good play until he's got over his dislike of me."

It was getting late and I had to go. At the door, as she thanked me for the evening, I asked her why, with all her criticisms, she had found it so enjoyable.

"Ah," she said, reverting to her former snappiness. "That's entirely your fault."

"*My* fault, Aunt Edna?"

"Yours and everyone else in the London theatre today." She picked up a *Daily Telegraph*, opened it at the theatre page, and angrily thrust it under my nose. "Look down that column, and tell me how many worthwhile serious plays are running at the moment."

Without looking at the column I said: "Well—" and then stopped modestly, waiting for her to speak.

"All right," she replied impatiently. "I grant you *that* one, although, mind you, a lot of other people wouldn't. I grant you, perhaps a couple more, not counting *Godot*. Still, the fact remains that the reason I enjoyed myself tonight is, quite frankly, because I'm starved; and Mr. Beckett did at least give me a good, hearty meal. Not perhaps quite the sort of meal I'd order for myself, but food, anyway—good, honest, solid, blessed food." She snatched the *Daily Telegraph* from me and squinted short-sightedly at it. "A disgraceful list. Almost the worst I can remember. And what's coming in, I ask you? Nothing. Sir John and Miss Ashcroft gallivanting about Europe. Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier stuck up in the Midlands. Mr. Redgrave playing a Greek in a French play in America. There is dear Mr. Scofield's new season, of course, and of course I've written in for seats for all three plays—but still, you must admit that the prospect is very, very grim. Nothing but light comedies, thrillers and musicals—"

"But you're supposed to adore light comedies, thrillers and musicals, Aunt Edna."

"I adore the theatre, that's all, and anything that's good in it I'll go and see, whatever it is—even Mr. Johnnie Ray. But I *must* have my ration

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of serious theatre and I'm not going to be fed on a diet of soufflées for the rest of my life, I promise you. Do you know what?"

She looked suddenly very grim and threatening. "What, Aunt Edna?"

"If things go on like this I might just stop going to the theatre at all, and then where would you all be? They speak very highly of this new television, you know."

"Oh, Aunt Edna. *Not television.*" I was appalled.

"Well, you never know." She looked very thoughtful for a moment and then smiled her old warm, comforting, reassuring smile. "No real danger yet, I suppose. But there will be, I'm warning you, unless you tell those clots in Shaftesbury Avenue to get up off their fannies."

I was deeply shocked. "Aunt Edna, what an expression!"

"Oh, I know a lot more like that. I'm far more broadminded and much less old-fashioned than you and everyone else thinks. Well, goodnight, dear nephew."

"Good night, dear Aunt Edna."

"And if you meet Mr. Beckett tell him to come and have tea with me some time. I think I could do him a lot of good."

TERENCE RATTIGAN

Festival Music in Berlin

EVEN in the warmer political atmosphere of today, western Berlin still feels uncomfortably isolated from the western world. The wide, brightly lit Kurfürstendamm is like the deck of a luxury liner along which the smiling passengers pass and repass, conspiring to ignore the miles of grey emptiness on either side, penetrating from time to time into the steerage class that lies beyond the Brandenburger Tor, and laying little bets about the duration of the voyage. Just now, with the first of ten thousand war prisoners trickling home from Russia, modified optimism reigns; but those acres of tidy rubble and rank grass, those chilly wastes that are neither town nor country but a ghostly no-man's-land, take a good deal of forgetting. So Berlin, always intellectually lively and by long tradition a centre of theatrical experiment, turns, eagerly, one fancies, to its annual "Festwochen" of the late autumn. Among this year's visitors, there have been Gielgud in Shakespeare, the Théâtre de l'Atelier in Anouilh, a weirdly brilliant group of temple dancers from Ceylon and—a tremendous hit—the La Scala company from Milan in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Berlin itself contributes not only a standard German repertory and a new Carl Zuckmayer play based on the Fuchs case, but Calderon and Lorca, Maulnier and (again) Anouilh, Wilde and Whiting and Tolstoy. There is thus no lack of theatrical variety.

Once more, as of old, Berlin has three full-time opera houses. Two lie in the eastern sector; one of these, the newly rebuilt and just reopened Staatsoper unter den Linden, is a luxurious showplace which forms a strange contrast with surrounding shabbiness. The architects, returning to the original theatre of the eighteenth century, have carried through their task with reckless extravagance in the way of marble, gilt and chandeliers, yet with remarkably pure taste. It is a delightful and exciting experience to witness an opera at this sumptuous new-old house, in which the liberal use of wood has produced magnificent acoustics: under Franz Konwitschny, the orchestra in *Die Meistersinger* sounded ravishingly clear and sweet, though production and solo singing were not in all respects on the same high level. Meanwhile, a few hundred yards away, the Komische Oper plays a slightly more popular repertory under the direction of Walter Felsenstein, a celebrated regisseur whose latest production, *Die schweigsame Frau*, I was lucky enough to catch. Strauss's Ben Jonson opera, written to a text by Stefan Zweig, is only now beginning to recover from the racial objections which suppressed it under the Nazis. Admittedly not one of Strauss's strongest scores, and in plot rather too closely reminiscent of *Don Pasquale*, *Die schweigsame Frau* is a highly professional and accomplished piece of theatre, with music which is always fluent and often charming. In this well-designed and beautifully lit production, the delicacy of the music was a little sacrificed to boisterous byplay, but the theatrical zest of the whole was undeniable, and I was not surprised to learn that since December the opera had been given already twenty-five times.

The western Städtische Oper, now under Carl Ebert's direction, relied rather heavily during the Festival on standard fare, and two of its recent productions, Janacek's *Jenufa* and Busoni's *Doktor Faust*, were much missed. (The first was impossible without Margarete Klose, who has gone over to the Staatsoper; the second without Fischer-Dieskau, too much in demand elsewhere.) The only completely new presentation was an *Oberon* freshly adapted from the English original. An Englishman cannot help feeling guilty at a performance of this unhappy opera, in which Weber's enchanting music has been killed by Planché's libretto, an outstandingly silly specimen of the childish type of pantomime which then passed for English opera. There is really nothing to be done with *Oberon* except to cherish the music and decorate the sham-oriental charades as prettily as possible. Hein Heckroth's decor was more garish than pretty; the most enjoyable feature of the evening was the singing, especially that of Leonie Rysanek as a warm-toned if not quite firm Rezia, of Sándor Kónya as a surprisingly effective interpreter of Huon's fiendishly difficult high tenor music, and of Sieglinde Wagner as a first-rate Fatima; in the part of Roxana, Mimi Aarden scored a hit with an interpolated bravura aria from *Euryanthe*. Of the magical orchestral score Artur Rother offered no more than a humdrum reading.

It seemed, on brief acquaintance, that weak conducting may be at present the main shortcoming of the Städtische Oper. One would think that every German opera orchestra must know the Prelude to *Tristan* backwards; but, under Richard Kraus, there was a strange mishap at one point (an entry by the lower strings a bar too soon), and elsewhere both in this opera and in *Der Rosenkavalier* a general want of decision and unanimity. Astrid Varnay, singing opposite the strangely unchivalrous Tristan of Ludwig Suthaus, gave us her impassioned Isolde, which despite strident moments is probably the best now to be heard; she also proved herself a highly distinguished Feldmarschallin in a *Rosenkavalier* cast which was exceptionally well balanced, with Hertha Töpper as Octavian, Lisa Otto as Sophie and Josef Greindl as Ochs.

An occasion of great interest and importance was the "half-scenic" production, at the Hochschule für Musik, of *Il Prigionero*. This attractively modern building (nicknamed by the Berliners "the symphony-garage"), with its clear acoustics, and with such imaginative staging and ingenious lighting as one finds only in Germany, made an unexpectedly good frame for Dallapiccola's impressive and curiously ambiguous piece about the Spanish Inquisition, which is not quite an opera but a series of duologues and monologues interspersed with choral episodes. I wrote about *Il Prigionero* at length in these columns a year ago, when it received an English concert performance, and have space now only to say that the splendid Berlin performance confirmed previous impressions of the power and beauty of the work. Under Hans Rosbaud the Berlin Philharmonic wonderfully realised the Berg-like refinements of orchestral texture; a strong cast was led by a young baritone in the title-role, named Eberhard Waechter, of whom I am sure that much more will soon be heard.

Lucia di Lammermoor proved the principal excitement of the Festival on its musical side: after Maria Callas's mad scene, flowers rained from the galleries, and the bouquets thrown next morning by the press were equally flattering. Not only the heroine and the entire company came in for these plaudits but Donizetti himself, long taken in Germany, as elsewhere outside Italy, for a mere precursor of Verdi whose serious operas are no longer tolerable. In point of fact, *Lucia* has never been known to fail when presented with an adequate cast—one might almost say, with an adequate heroine; and such a performance as that given by the La Scala company enables a modern listener to understand Mme Bovary's emotions in the theatre at Rouen: it revealed the old piece as the apotheosis of romantic pathos and despair. From her first entrance to her final spectacular collapse, Maria Callas is the authentic "Miss Lucia" of the nineteenth century: her grand, forlorn air, her noble bearing, her sensational voice and technique, her mastery of the whole forgotten apparatus of high theatrical romance—all conspire to subjugate the most critical spectator. Coldly analysed, her singing was masterly, but not flawless. Her scale is unequal: side by side with melting legato and dazzling fioriture we find sudden roughnesses and patches of sour intonation—for instance, her highest notes are nearly always a fraction sharp. Simply as a vocalist, Mme Callas seems likely to remain a controversial figure; as an artist she is unquestionably superb, indeed unique—the one soprano in the world who can interpret these old roles with burning conviction, so that the whole house hangs on each chiselled phrase. She was well supported by Giuseppe di Stefano as Edgardo and by Rolando Panerai as the wicked Lord Henry Ashton. Though *Lucia di Lammermoor* is not generally considered either a conductor's or a producer's

BJPS

The British Journal for the Philosophy of Science

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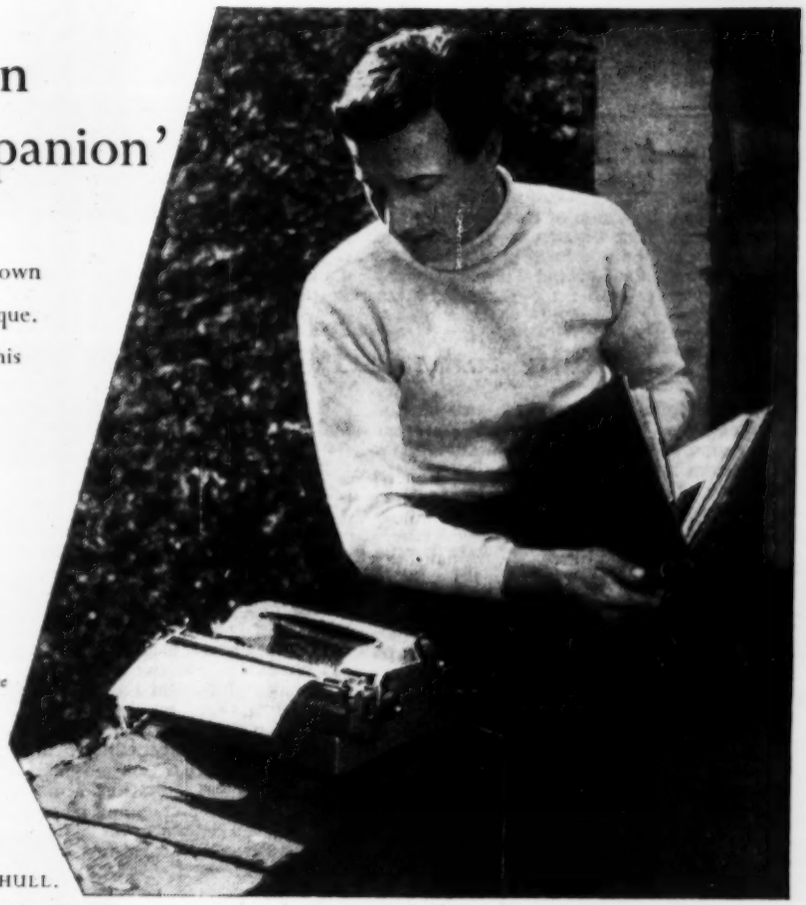

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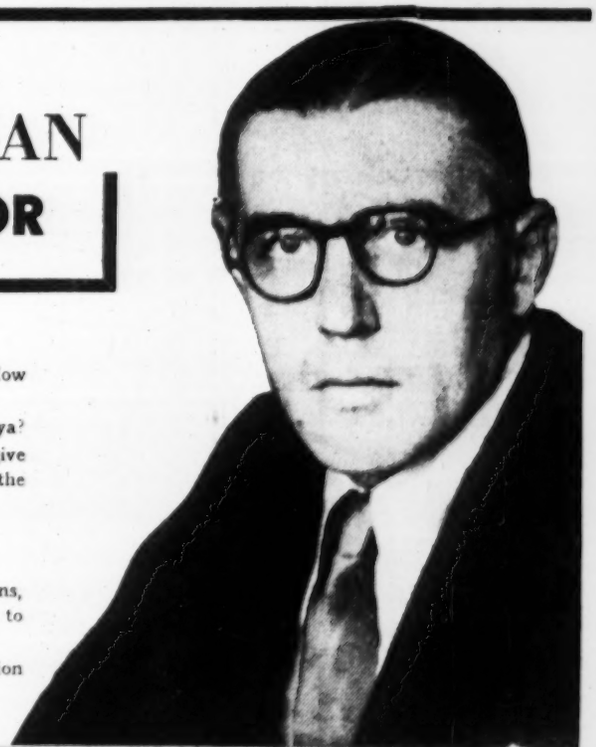

ABOUT THE LABOUR CONFERENCE

"How would a Labour Chancellor deal with inflation **now**? How would a Labour Defence Minister deal with the call-up?

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"Labour should concentrate on these immediate practical issues, give firm, clear-cut answers to them, and launch an offensive against the Government's failures."

ABOUT THE TORY CONFERENCE

"If Mr. Butler had the courage of his Free Enterprise convictions, he would follow the American example and permit unemployment to rise to the million mark.

"By doing so, however, he would doom himself to political extinction —and lose his Party the next Election."

read his articles regularly in the Mirror

opera, Herbert von Karajan (with the excellent Berlin RIAS Orchestra) greatly distinguished himself in both roles, treating Donizetti's creation with loving respect as a dramatic and musical unity.

I am sorry that so little space remains to discuss the two stimulating London concerts of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under their permanent conductor, Dimitri Mitropoulos. It was the wonderfully polished and fiery execution, rather than the choice of programme, which was stimulating. The conductor, who excels in modern music, not only brought us nothing from America (not even the Copland Third Symphony which was once promised for Edinburgh) but devoted too much time to such secondary specimens of romantic music as the Dvorak Violin Concerto (with Nathan Milstein) and the Second Symphony of Schumann. Myra Hess played, with complete musical understanding but with less than the physical resources required, the D minor Concerto of Brahms. The great event of the two concerts was a dazzling performance of Shostakovich's Tenth Symphony, which revealed Mr. Mitropoulos as an interpreter of demonic genius, the orchestra as a superlative instrument, and the symphony itself as the strongest and deepest thing of its kind which has appeared on the horizon of our concert life for many years.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Television and the Party Conferences

WHEN Dr. Edith Summerskill warned the Margate delegates, last Monday evening, that they would be exposed on the following morning to far more ferocious lights—a foreboding that was not, in the event, fulfilled—at least one delegate shouted "Shame!"

With comparable dismay some monkish scribe, poring over his illuminations, may have learned that experiments were being made in the printing of liturgical books; or some hedge-priest that the Bible was being translated into English.

The paraphernalia of television are as inconvenient to Conservatives as to Socialists, but no such inept heart-cry would have escaped a Tory representative in the better-drilled assembly at Bournemouth: the Tories have, after all, had longer to get used to the new medium. This is the second year in which the whole of their conference has been telerecorded. Last Tuesday morning (and the programme derived from the morning's recording and screened in the evening) was Labour's first, experimental ordeal.

It was in 1953 that the B.B.C. first approached both the parties with the proposal that their conferences should be televised. It was made clear that the whole project would be abandoned if either party refused to take part. The Conservative Party accepted the invitation; the Labour Party refused. (Labour's National Executive Committee discussed the proposal privately. Conference endorsed the N.E.C.'s negative decision, dismissing the proposal peremptorily, almost impatiently.) Mr. Morgan Phillips, meanwhile, had taken the precaution of instituting a new, more discreet method of taking the card vote (by numbered vouchers in ballot-boxes); he felt, no doubt rightly, that some viewers would have been taken aback by the sight of Mr. Deakin holding up a card marked with a figure showing that he commanded getting on for a million votes.

In 1954 the B.B.C. made a different approach. This time it was indicated that no one party, by refusing to take part, would be able to impose a veto on the televising of others. Again the Labour Party, in accordance with the previous year's Conference decision, refused; the Conservative Party accepted, and the whole of its Blackpool conference was telerecorded. These recordings were edited and formed the basis of the half-hour reports screened each evening. How much these contributed to the Conservative election victory is a matter of opinion: many found them disappointing—partly, perhaps, because telerecordings make a poor substitute for live television, involving as they do some loss of definition and even of picture-area.

To some extent the B.B.C. may be said to have forced the Labour Party's hand by televising the Tory Conference last year. Obviously Labour could not continue merely to say "*non possumus*" in the face of this possibly valuable one-sided publicity. Last year's Labour Conference, therefore, agreed to leave the matter to the discretion of the N.E.C. (since decisions on the televising of a conference obviously have to be taken well in advance). This year the N.E.C.—with some reluctance, it may be assumed—agreed to last Tuesday's experiment.

It was a costly experiment for the B.B.C. Apart from the normal expenses of maintaining a crew at Margate, some £5,000 had to be spent in building five booster stations between Margate and London—all for one morning session of the Conference (since the afternoon session was a secret one). The arrangements for transmitting from Bournemouth did not have to be so elaborate; it was physically possible to pipe the material to the Isle of Wight, where it could be picked up on an ordinary circuit.

Apart from the half-hour programmes of edited telerecordings, supplemented by interviews with individuals, the conferences were also covered by the television newsreels, both B.B.C. and Mr. Aidan Crawley's I.T.N. (the only coverage that commercial TV had time to arrange this year). It might be thought that ordinary viewers would not readily distinguish between a TV newsreel and an edited telerecording: the content and production of the latter, however, seem to be consistently higher in quality, perhaps because all B.B.C. programmes, even on television, are under the direct control of the main News Department.

It might also be supposed, from this brief chronological outline of the relations between B.B.C. television and the parties, that the Conservatives have shown themselves a technically minded, forward-looking party, while Labour has behaved like a party of (as one B.B.C. official called them) "Luddites."

This would be unfair. The truth is less simple.

No doubt Labour leaders have been concerned about the physical discomfort caused by the TV lights. (In fact, this has been exaggerated: the light needed for telerecording is less blinding and more diffuse than the light needed for newsreels, to which all in public life have been accustomed for some years.)

No doubt, too, they were worried by the risk that unruly scenes might be viewed in millions of parlours: the "Bevanite" controversy was still raging in 1953, and Sir Will Lawther's "shut your gob!" (1952) would have been fresh in their minds.

It would be unfair, however, merely to contrast the attitudes of the parties without taking into account the differing natures and purposes of the two conferences. A Conservative Conference is a well-staged performance—almost rehearsed and "produced." It should make ideal visual propaganda for those organising it. A Labour conference is vital, turbulent, unpredictable—and, unlike the Conservative conference, it is actually a policy-making body. There is, therefore, a good deal of routine procedural business—the report of the Conference Arrangements Committee, for instance, on the composing of the four-hundred-odd resolutions sent in by trade unions and constituency parties; and there is thus a consequent danger that, if viewers were to see the whole proceedings, they might find them not only too rowdy but, paradoxically, too dull.

Of course, as things are, viewers have not been seeing the whole of these conferences. But it should be realised that the B.B.C.'s original proposal in 1953 was that the whole of each conference should be televised—live. It was not unreasonable that the Labour leaders should be alarmed by such a prospect.

Further, it is natural that both parties should be reluctant to allow to television editors the right of selection and presentation that newspaper editors have: there is a risk that an unbalanced impression will be conveyed by personalities; there is a risk that those who have stolen headlines in the past should try to "hog the cameras" of this far more vivid method of communication.

Nevertheless, these risks have now been taken, and if damage has been done to the true character of the Labour Party Conference, it is not yet apparent. It seems unthinkable that, in future years, Labour should not decide, like the Conservatives, to accept television as a fact of modern life.

TOM DRIBERG

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No Orchids for Proust

THE Direction des Relations Culturelles has had the ingenious idea of organising a Proust exhibition in London (at Wildenstein's in Bond St.), the first on such a scale ever to be held. The influence of nineteenth-century English literature on Proust, and the services—no doubt we exaggerate them—which England in this century has rendered him by early recognition of his genius, justify the exhibition's location. It is divided into several sections. There is a series of portraits and photographs of Proust, his family, his friends and associates; letters to and from Proust; books with dedications in the fly-leaf, striking for their insincerity; and an assortment of manuscripts and corrected galleys of his works.

I say it is "divided" into these sections, but this is only the case in the catalogue: in fact, everything is muddled up, except for an overpowering showcase of twenty volumes of manuscripts from *Sodome et Gomorrhe* to *Le Temps Retrouvé*, which it would have been sheer perversity to scatter. Of course, the varying sizes of exhibits

occasionally necessitate their dispersal. But this is no justification for the lack of any single co-ordinating idea in the display. One wants, for example, to pursue the writer's features from the wan youth to the invalid, but it would take days to chase them up. This goes also for Cocteau, Anna de Noailles, Sarah Bernhardt and the others who contributed to Proust's novel or life. The showcases are so overcrowded that they have to be arranged like *collages* of 1913 with their discoloured triangles of paper: letters are cut short in the middle of tantalising sentences, photographs are splayed out like fans. If ever there were a case for a didactic catalogue with long quotations from Proust's writings, with detailed biographical notes on the people involved, here was one. But only the scrappiest (and inadequately documented) facts are recorded, and sometimes none at all. What will these entries convey after the show is over: "Lunch in the Country"; "Philosophy Exercise Book"?

Clearly, then, the show is designed, not for Proustians, not for those who care deeply about literature, but for those who like to catch the atmosphere of a period, who assume that literature has something to do with overdressed ladies, and gentlemen with hunting crops. Such people are embarrassed by suggestions of a black side in Proust's life (as though all good writers at the beginning of this century had not their black sides) and are comforted to find their easy view confirmed here, that a great novel can come out of this sparkling world of duchesses. But *A la Recherche* is the result not so much of putting frivolity to good use, as of a lifetime of torment; and the pirouettes here crowd the torment out. These pirouettes, it will be argued, are the stuff out of which Proust constructed his novel, and so how else is an exhibition in his honour to be devised? Perhaps this is an argument for not holding a Proust exhibition at all. For he altered his material so completely that when it is disinterred for us, we find it bears no more resemblance to the pattern he made out of it than a shelf of pots and pans would bear to the Chardin he loved. The exhibition is fascinating, seductive, but only on the level on which the social historian can grasp him. It might just as well have been dedicated to Robert de Montesquiou.

I should say, almost as well. For a few objects scattered here and there shock us by reminding us that we here have to reckon, not with an elegant belletrist, but with a man who has transformed our world: such as the Segonzac drawings of Proust on his death-bed; letters designed not to flatter, but to communicate sensations; galley-proofs with nervous additions on slim slips of pasted paper; above all, the manuscripts of *A la Recherche* which are almost more than one can bear to contemplate in this orchidaceous gallery.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

Miss Davis's Benefit

"The Virgin Queen," at the Carlton

"House of Bamboo," at the Rialto

"The Trouble Shooter," at the Odeon, Leicester Square

"The Grapes of Wrath," at the National Film Theatre

"'Tis but a pot hole, Ned." The basic olde Englisheness of such opening dialogue to a costume drama pre-supposes the worst. It is a measure of *The Virgin Queen's* quality that there were later moments when one was partially beguiled into credulity.

In this film Mr. Richard Todd's Sir Walter Raleigh is impatient for the New World. He so badgers Queen Elizabeth to give him the ships and he will finish the job, that she all but finishes him. Frankly I would not have put on mourning if she had. The film is an epic based with happy vagueness and some vacuity on an all but imaginary incident in that monarch's now Technicolor career. Raleigh is introduced to the Queen through the patronage of Leicester—all huggable-ness and twinkle in Mr. Robert Marshall's agreeable though incredible personification—and behaves with fatiguing bearishness until he gets his way. The action is lively, the scenes are well composed, the film has pep and go; but it all adds up to little. What riles is that here and there are indications of more serious intent, of earlier hopes massacred in the cutting room. As the Virgin Queen Miss Bette Davis enjoys herself hugely. In a frigidly Lesbian make-up, over-mannered, and as heavily painted as a Japanese actor, she forces her interpretation across by sheer weight of idiosyncrasy, even to the extent of occasionally appearing to be Wee Georgie Wood as panto-mime dame. Mr. Todd arouses quite the reverse sentiments: his Raleigh has the anaemic passionlessness of cold weak tea. It neither coddles the heart nor rejuvenates the spirits.

Mr. Robert Ryan's special triumph in *House of Bamboo* is that he makes the gangster leader a man of intelligence and paternal integrity. His relations, one feels, look upon him, at worst, as the black-sheep uncle of the family. The film tells, somewhat improbably since the location is Tokyo and the gangsters are, therefore, white men and conspicuously large amid the yellow peril, how the gang has applied successfully Chicago methods of business. As a film it has its exciting moments but the gimmick of the fair-ground wheel at the end is old hat third man stuff. *The Trouble Shooter's* clichés, however, have the authority of tradition. It is a better than average Western pot-boiler with not a lot to choose between, on my right, the law, Mr. Robert Michum, and on my left, the tough hombres of Sheridan City. Both sides take a small boy's healthy pleasure in guns, and bang, bang! you're dead! I didn't count the salvoes, but registered the distinct impression that an early Maxim had infiltrated on to the set.

Those fascinated by the cumulative effect of a director's work should pay several visits to the National Film Theatre where the John Ford season is still in progress. Recently there have been shown *Steamboat Round the Bend*, the last film Will Rogers appeared in, and *Young Mr. Lincoln*. The first was simply a pleasant nostalgic exercise, lifted to a higher plane by the puckish face and Mark Twainish humour of Rogers. The second is one of four films which were released in 1938-9, the outcome of an astounding creative outburst. In this film and *The Grapes of Wrath*, to be shown on October 16-19, Mr. Henry Fonda is the leading actor. His own creativeness and the guidance of his director have combined to produce two dissimilar performances that are yet linked by a common humanity. Both Lincoln and Young Joad are men of the soil, flowers of their environment, peculiarly Fordian characters.

The Grapes of Wrath, by accusing no one in particular but society in general, growls savagely at the power of the Steel Age, and at man's dwindling stature before the Machine-God and its despotic henchmen. The few acts of kindness in this film, by their rarity, have a dreadful poignancy.

MICHAEL CRAMPTON

Reproductions and Lithographs

The wood-cut reproductions of Chinese water-colours, now on show at Collet's Gallery, 45 Museum Street, are fabulous in accuracy and cost only a few shillings each. These reproductions of traditional and classic Chinese paintings are produced in large numbers in China today.

At the Crafts Centre, Hay Hill, there is a wide choice of new British lithographs, most of them priced at about three guineas each. Early Christmas presents? I particularly liked the work of Alicia Boyle, Robert Taverner, Kenneth Bale and Charles Keeping.

In the A.I.A. mixed show there are quite a few new names, and, amongst several good paintings, a canvas of a child running by Malcolm Hughes and a harvesting scene by Wogan Philips. J. B.

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Correspondence

PRIVATE PRACTICE IN THE HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—Your correspondent surely must know that no person can claim an amenity bed in a hospital merely by paying 2-4 guineas a week for it just because he desires privacy. If a patient is allowed one of these beds it is at the discretion of the medical staff because of the seriousness of the condition. In any event I find it difficult to understand the reasoning of your correspondent, which accepts only a uniform standard of treatment and yet is prepared to allow people to buy privacy.

The main reason for my writing to you is because of his argument that there must not be two standards of treatment in the National Health Service, and that anything which tends to alter or modify this is against the principles of the National Health Service. May I point out that "standards of service" is a trite remark which bears no relationship whatever to the facts. There always have been and there always will be several standards in whatever form the medical service is available. The standards depend entirely on the experience and ability of the doctors who deal with the patients. It is sheer hypocrisy to pretend that a young and relatively inexperienced physician or surgeon can offer the same sort of service as a doctor with many years of experience behind him. It is obvious that this state of affairs will always be present and that there are large numbers of the lay public who understand and appreciate this very clearly. When they have illness in their family they naturally wish to make sure that they get the best possible service. Indeed, there must be thousands of patients who have tried the normal entry to hospitals and have failed to receive the treatment they hoped or expected. If these people wish to safeguard themselves against this sort of thing happening, then I think it is quite wrong to condemn them for spending their own money in order to achieve something which they feel has been denied them by the normal routine. I wonder whether your medical correspondent would be prepared to go through the medical practitioner and out-patient routine if he had something wrong with him, or would he not rather take advantage of his position and consult the person he considered best fitted to deal with him. There can never be any form of public service which will fully satisfy the still unplumbed depths of human nature and emotion, and when illness strikes, the logic of the Whitehall mind appears stupid and devoid of sympathy. I must say that Mr. Macleod showed a much greater understanding of mankind than does your medical specialist.

28 Wimpole Street, WILLIAM W. FOX
London, W.1.

SIR,—Having experienced both private and public hospital beds, I agree with Rosalind Chalmers that the standard of treatment from the doctors does not differ, though the actual nursing, food, etc., often do.

My long sojourn in a large orthopædic hospital, also after polio, has made me feel, very strongly, that any private beds available should be used, not for those who can pay, which is surely contrary to the whole conception of the Health Service, but for the really ill patients.

There are plenty of people who do enjoy the company and interest of a public ward, but very few who are unaffected by the almost continuous clatter of innumerable trollies, tramping feet, electric polishers and banging doors, not to mention the wireless menace. For those really ill patients—for example, post-operation cases—this racket, added to their already considerable suffering, makes them feel quite suicidal. Imagine, also, the effect on those patients who have not yet had their operation, or those who are beginning to sit up and try to revive their appetites, when the inert, red-blanketed figure is wheeled in, and proceeds to regain consciousness.

In maternity hospitals the mothers are removed to a special labour ward for the duration of the actual birth, and the immediate aftermath, and only return to the public ward when all is accomplished. Could not the private wards, where they exist, be used for the post-operation, or very ill patients, those who are at their very lowest ebb, and round whose bed, in a public ward, two very inadequate screens are placed? Proper privacy and as much silence as possible, are surely essential for everyone during this period.

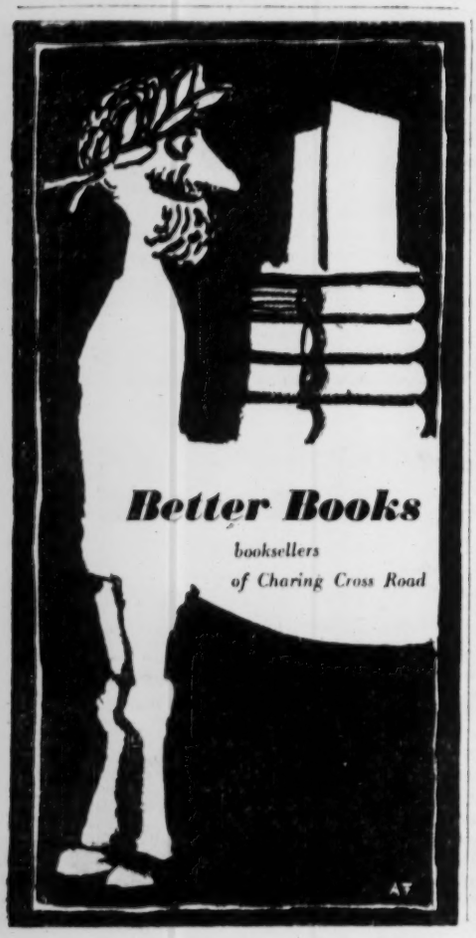
Long Rigg, PATRICIA BEGLEY
Hildenborough,
Kent.

SIR,—It seemed at first profitless to reply to "Medical Specialist," who attacked me for my unconcern both at the evils of private practice (I had expressed no views on the rights or wrongs of private practice) and at the length of ordinary waiting lists (I had expressed no such indifference), and whose final taunt was at the "capitalist" doctors (however immoral their earnings might be, these are not derived from capital).

I am sorry if he thinks that consultants profiteer so unscrupulously out of the trust imposed on them by their patients; but at least let him find better grounds for this mischievous libel than an alleged discrepancy between long waiting lists for general wards and the seductive availability of private beds. As I quoted, in my own teaching hospital the position was reversed, and the private waiting list was the longer; and now this is shown to be generally true by a leading article in this week's *British Medical Journal Supplement*, which describes the formation of a committee to deal with the extreme shortage of private beds "in London and other parts of the country . . . of one large London hospital it was said that patients had to wait for as long as 18 months for such an operation as prostatectomy if they wanted a private room."

Even apart from his distasteful imputations, he is, as Dr. Eames wrote last week, "most misleading."

CONSULTANT



MARX AS HISTORIAN

SIR,—Mr. Trevor-Roper writes: "As for Marxist historians—we used once to hear a great deal about one of them, Pokrovsky. But where is he now? Alas, like Trotsky, he cannot now be named: Stalin had him pulped." If Mr. Trevor-Roper will turn up Volume 33 of the *Large Soviet Encyclopædia* (2nd edition), published earlier this year, he will find a two-column article on M. N. Pokrovsky, "Soviet historian and public man." Nearly half of it is devoted to an account of Pokrovsky's work before and after the Revolution as a leading Bolshevik in Moscow, mentioning that he was the first chairman of the Moscow City Soviet, and to his constructive work as an historian and teacher. Only then does the author (A. L. Sidorov, a leading Soviet historian) undertake a critique of Pokrovsky's alleged mistakes in the interpretation of history, which he sets forth calmly and explicitly. (One of Pokrovsky's ideas which are not now generally accepted in the Soviet Union was, as Mr. Trevor-Roper will remember, that the German Nationalist historians were substantially right in their version of the origins of the 1914 war.) The article ends with a bibliography which includes both Pokrovsky's own works (*History of Russia from the Earliest Times, Outline of the History of Russian Culture, The Imperialist War, Tsarist Russia's Diplomacy and Wars in the Nineteenth Century*) and works written in criticism of his views.

As for Marxist historians who are still alive and active in the U.S.S.R., Mr. Trevor-Roper is surely not unaware of E. A. Kosminsky, for example, whose *Studies in the Agrarian History of England in the Thirteenth Century* is shortly to be published here in an English translation.

71 Chalfont Avenue, BRIAN PEARCE
Wembley.

SIR,—At one time I thought Mr. Trevor-Roper had allowed himself to be cornered and was getting a little punch-drunk, but he had me cheering wildly with the declaration that, in England, Hume and Adam Smith set the course of modern historical studies. This authoritative Oxford judgment will delight Scottish historians—especially those who remember the story of Balliol carpeting young Smith for having Hume's works in his room.

Mr. Trevor-Roper can do us all another service. A recently published essay on the Scottish Historical School by a Marxist scholar contended that in the latter half of the eighteenth century this school developed "Classical sociology to a stage where it was becoming remarkably similar, at least in its broad outline, to Marxist sociology." To Mr. Trevor-Roper this is no doubt another example of Marxists trying "to kick everyone else out of the field." Far from deploring this scholarly pastime, however, many Scotsmen would be grateful to Mr. Trevor-Roper if he could deliver another kick to Hume, Ferguson, Smith and Millar by showing how they wrote in the eighteenth century what poor Englishmen, naturally uninfluenced by any German, were trying to say 100 years later. GEORGE HOUSTON

Glasgow.

NO LIBERALISM

SIR,—For Socialists, the *ad hoc* and the doctrinaire aspects of nationalisation are both important. It seems to me that because the Labour Party and the nationalised industries have concentrated almost entirely upon the *ad hoc* and neglected the doctrinaire, that once great ideal has lost so much of its appeal to so many Socialist thinkers and so many more serious minded voters. Thus Peter Shore can say that further nationalisation is virtually irrelevant to specific Socialist objectives.

I disagree. I believe that the fundamental aim of equality must involve more redistribution of real income from the higher to the lower income groups. What industries are better placed to further this aim than those under national ownership and control? They are, or will be, the more basic services affecting everyone and should therefore be run, probably at a loss, to provide cheap and efficient service to consumers and competitive pay and conditions to em-

ployees. Losses should be met from the Exchequer and thus conform with the existing and accepted non-profit making or redistributive public institutions, based on the fundamental welfare idea of "from each according to his ability to pay."

The nationalized industries have never been genuinely independent, since their accounts are subordinate to the Exchequer's budget surplus or deficit requirements; and their deficits have usually been met from public money. This *ad hoc* fiction of independence may therefore be abandoned.

In this way the *ad hoc* may take its rightful, though still important, place as a subordinate to the doctrinaire. (Socialists must be doctrinaire first and *ad hoc* second!) And nationalisation might regain much of its status in the popular imagination, appealing to the head, the heart and, not least, the pocket.

67 North Side, S.W.4. PETER ANDREWS

BETTER TEETH

SIR,—I have just read the article by Ffrangcon Roberts in your issue of September 17, and would like to point out that many of the objectors to fluoridation of water supplies are not "armchair" critics but men and women who have spent years on research into the toxicity of fluorides and who feel convinced that the adding of inorganic fluorides to our drinking water with a view to reducing dental caries in our children is a retrograde step.

The effects of lifelong medication with fluorides are still unknown, but one effect on the spine (spondylitis ankylopoietica) is an accepted medical fact. Actually this is admitted by our Ministry of Health in a letter to me on September 12. Certainly it says that "this association only occurs under conditions of marked exposure to fluorine, such as might be brought about by certain industrial processes or if prolonged consumption of fluoride bearing water were concerned if the concentration was some 12 parts per million." But the pertinent question to such a sweeping statement is "What is the *minimum* dose or intake of fluorine that can *just* produce a spondylitis?" One of our best-known orthopædic surgeons told me that he considers fluoridation of water supplies to be a highly dangerous project, while Dr. V. O. Hurme, of the Forsyth Dental Infirmary, says: "No one knows today how many people with diseased kidneys or other disorders are having their life-spans shortened by daily incorporation of minute quantities of various toxic agents, including the fluorine supplied in water with not more than one part per million of this element." Dental decay is not a contagious disease, or an ailment with a known mortality rate.

Another point, one would think the dental profession would admit that more teeth are lost from peridontal disease than from decay. What assurance can they give that fluorine in water will not lead to an increase in peridontal disease or bring it about at an earlier age? Did Weaver not show that in South Shields only 0.73 p.p.m. (parts per million) produced noticeable mottling of teeth in some cases? Liverpool City Council, which turned down the suggestion of fluoridation of water supplies a year ago, has now decided to give an apple to the children after mid-day meals with a view to cutting down dental decay. This surely is the much more sensible attitude than mass-dosing the whole population.

ELIZABETH M. PATTULLO,
Scottish Housewives' Association *Secretary*
Sandyford,
Kirriemuir, Angus.

WEST INDIANS

SIR,—Mr. H. L. Bray quite rightly points out that Jamaica's rapidly rising population (at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum) is a major problem; but it would be ill-advised to allow preoccupation with this problem to divert attention from the immediate and urgent problem of an economic price for our export crops.

Mr. Bray implies (wrongly) that the prices our producers receive from the British market are economic. Against the fact that Britain is now paying a price "well above the free world price for sugar" must be set the fact that for several years after the last war Britain was paying a price well below the

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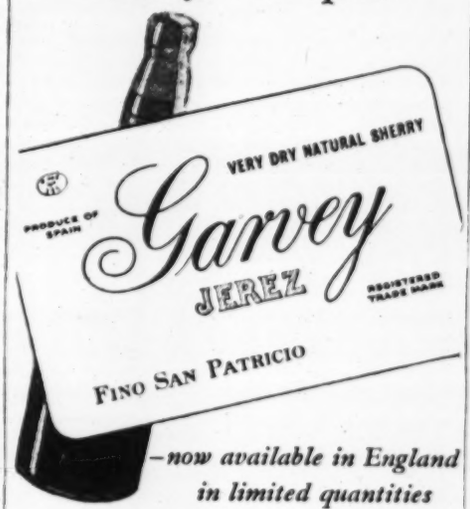

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free world price. In fact, the free world price has little to do with an "economic" price, since the former represents mainly the manipulations of the Cuban producers with their surplus sugar.

What Jamaica and the West Indies as a whole require is an "economic" price: that is, a price that allows a reasonable return to the efficient producer and, of course, must also provide for a living wage to the workers in these agricultural industries. One certain implication of this policy follows: Britain must adopt the same responsible attitude to West Indian producers that she takes towards her own farmers.

It is likely that Mr. Bray may feel that this economic policy is incompatible with West Indian responsibility for its own political affairs. But, as Mr. Manley, Jamaica's Prime Minister, pointed out at the Caxton Hall last week, the present state of the West Indian economy is no fault of the West Indies; it is, in fact, a responsibility of the British Government which has been solely in control of this territory for the past 300 years. Britain cannot properly divest herself of that responsibility until such time as we have, with her assistance, built a stable and self-supporting economy.

Finally, I would point out that my figure of 150,000 workers in sugar, bananas and citrus is neither a "seasonal maximum" nor "grossly exaggerated," but is a year-round average as verified by the Jamaican Labour Department.

Trades Union Congress of Jamaica. FRANK HILL, *General Secretary.*

HAD ZIMRI PEACE?

SIR,—My treasured copy of the famous blocked-out Clifford Sharp article was destroyed by a bomb in 1941 but I am convinced that "Critic" has got the title wrong. "Is it peace, Zimri?" would have been pointless. The correct version surely is "Had Zimri peace . . . ?" At that date every British child was so thoroughly drilled in Bible knowledge that even the readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION could be trusted to know the whole quotation "Had Zimri peace who slew his master?" and to remember that it was the taunt that Jezebel flung at Jehu, the treacherous murderer of his king. (Today this would presumably be a 64,000 dollar question.) Perhaps Clifford Sharp suddenly recollected that the rash lady who so tactlessly asked the question had been thrown to the dogs forthwith—and decided to take no chances. Anyway, it was a lovely piece of journalism and the sensation it made remains a vivid memory to this day. LETITIA FAIRFIELD

60 Beaufort Mansions, S.W.3.

["Had Zimri Peace?" is of course correct.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

GRAVES AND EMPSON

SIR,—I have been (in a way) surprised to observe with what pedantry some reviewers have greeted Mr. Graves's *The Crowning Privilege*. Not enough *pro* and *con*, they seem to say, too much fancy and exaggeration and prejudice, surely most unsound. "A reasonable man," Mr. Empson observes in your columns, "would be more impressed" if he found the diagnosis of "fatal demerits" in a particular sort of poetry duly set off by a list of merits. I wonder if he would be. I am a reasonable man myself, well accustomed to hunting for something to be said for everything; but if I were attending lectures by Mr. Graves, I should be vastly disappointed to find him at the same game. There are other ways of talking about poetry than quietly and patiently worrying the life out of it, and these ways distinguished poets are entitled to adopt. When they do so, even the most reasonable of men should, if poetry is one of the things he likes, be well pleased to hear what they have to say.

Mr. Empson's final insinuation—that perhaps Mr. Graves does not much like poetry at all—is as purely fantastic as anything I have come across for years. Mr. Graves, though your reviewer does not dwell on the point, has written a number of poems himself. There are even some at the back of the present book—"for good measure," perhaps, as Mr. Empson says, but even so they do not seem to me to be the work of a man who rather dislikes the whole business.

9 Fyfield Road, Oxford. G. J. WARNOCK

KARL KRAUSE

SIR,—I am engaged in research on the Austrian satirist Karl Kraus ("Fackel-Kraus"), 1874-1936, and would be grateful to any of your readers who could assist me by the loan of letters from or to Karl Kraus, manuscripts or any other material bearing on my subject. H. E. RANK

The Grey House, Sandy Lane, Hightown, Nr. Liverpool.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK

SIR,—I am writing a life of Maurice Maeterlinck (1862–1949). The Belgian author's widow, Countess Maeterlinck, and others who were in close contact with him have already supplied me with much information.

I write to ask if any of your readers can help me in my task. Any correspondence or documents lent would be most carefully copied and promptly returned.

24 Frenchay Road, Oxford. W. D. HALLS

WALTER STEVENS

SIR,—I am at present assembling material for a biography of my late father, Walter Stevens, former general secretary of the Electrical Trades Union, and I should be grateful to any readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION who may be able to send me personal recollections or loan me letters. These letters would, of course, be returned.

37 Prince John Road, Eltham, London, S.E.9. DAVID STEVENS

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Pomp and Poetry

WE read the lives of artists partly to satisfy our natural curiosity about the great, but also to trace the connection, sometimes clear, sometimes not, between a man and his work. The Berlioz of life is so absurdly like the Berlioz of music that his biography might almost have been invented by a scholiast to explain his works. But Bach . . . it is not at all easy to find the compassionate mystic of the *St. Matthew Passion* in the cross provincial organist, always at loggerheads with his Leipzig associates.

Edward Elgar belongs to the former category: his life and his music are plainly one—all the more so because we find in each a parallel set of contradictions. In his music profound emotion and shy, exquisite poetry are frequently interrupted by bouts of empty swagger and pomp. This side of him is usually related to the ostentatious opulence of Edwardian England; but there is more in it than that. It is true that Elgar was the unofficial laureate of that self-confident age, whose outlook, for better and for worse, he unquestioningly shared; but the division already existed deep in his own personality where an æsthete was held down by an uproarious hearty. The composer's trembling sensitivity was often either hidden behind a mask of bluff common sense or twisted into a conundrum; music he would seldom mention, even to fellow-musicians, tiresomely protesting that he really knew nothing about it and cared less. He went to *Pelléas* and complained that Debussy "lacked guts"; he saw the same Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge revue twelve times over; he declared he would walk a hundred miles to hear a good performance of Wagner. His evident exuberance was streaked with melancholy and misanthropy: the highly sociable man who frequented three or four clubs printed one year on his Christmas card Walt Whitman's words: "I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd". Hugh Walpole found him "as simple and full of fun as a boy"; to Arnold Bennett, who had once sought out his company, he came to seem "a disgruntled old man . . . full of affectations, always saying something silly". Allow for the difference between the observers, and something puzzling remains. Elgar often puzzled and disconcerted his acquaintances: it was almost as if he preferred to be misunderstood; but within a smaller circle he was dearly loved. His gift for friendship and his delight in the idiosyncrasies of his friends shine from his radiant set of orchestral *Variations*—to which, characteristically, he attached an insoluble enigma.

The enigma of Elgar's own personality is studied at length in two substantial monographs which have recently appeared. Miss McVeagh is the more accomplished and penetrating of the two writers. Her book* tells us concisely as much as we need to know of the composer's life, and proceeds to discuss the music with remarkable insight and good sense. She is particularly illuminating on the relationship between Elgar's popular and serious styles and on the peculiarities of his masterly orchestration; but she stops short just when we should like her to go on: she might profitably have embarked on a frank discussion of Elgar's position in music beside that of his great contemporaries, such as Strauss and Mahler, and the reasons for the present eclipse of his fame outside England. Mr. Young's book†, which is more than twice the length of Miss McVeagh's, is to be followed by two more: a collection of Elgar's letters and miscellaneous writings, and an examination of his numerous sketch-books. This extensive prospect would seem more exhilarating if Mr. Young had shown in his first volume some grasp of the art of selection. His narrative is bogged down by trivia of a kind usually associated only with the sillier type of royal biography:

> Alice was thrilled by the press notices, which more than compensated for the destruction of the breakfast service two days previously through the incompetence of a domestic. It was also on April 16 that Alice saw her first swallow of the year. Three days later she noted the first cuckoo.

Few people, in 1955, can wish to know when a composer's wife first heard the cuckoo in 1893. On the next page we reach the golf-course, where Elgar

> lost six balls in one day, and gladly noted on another that he had played with Sir Capel Wolseley and Mr. Strickland and had beaten them.

Well, well, six balls! Why not tell us Sir Capel's handicap? But both defeated gentlemen are whisked on and off the stage with this solitary reference. When the Elgars holidayed in Bavaria next summer, "they stayed in Berchtesgaden one night but complained of a horrid room". This mania for insignificant detail is allowed to crowd out things that we want to know, such as the identity of the original soloists in *The Dream of Gerontius*, *The Apostles* and *The Kingdom*; and domestic trivialities sometimes appear in startling juxtaposition with larger matters:

> Carice had an operation on April 1 for the removal of her tonsils. The *Titanic* went down a fortnight later.

Elgar O.M. is, moreover, clumsily written and abounds in such sentences as "On reaching England at the end of the month further severe depression set in", or "Returning from Italy in April there was a business trip to America", or "Sometimes he thought with terrible perverseness as pain drove him to reproach even those he loved the most." Such clumsiness is a poor tribute to a composer who was nothing if not a master of his craft. There are some good things scattered through Mr. Young's chapters on the music, and his book, the largest work on the subject to appear since Elgar's death, contains much that is not to be found elsewhere, including a detailed account of the extensive sketches for the unfinished Ben Jonson opera, *The Spanish Lady*. It ought by rights to have superseded Basil Maine's two-volume *Elgar* (Bell), which was biographically hampered by its appearance while the composer was still alive; but Maine writes well, and his full and well-ordered critical discussion of the music retains its value today. Among more personal memoirs two are outstanding. The most intimate of Elgar's musical friends, W. H. Reed, the leader of the London Symphony Orchestra, gives a touching account of the lonely eminence of his later days in *Elgar as I Knew Him* (Gollancz). Best of all, Mrs. Richard Powell, the "Dorabella" of *Enigma* and now the only survivor of the friends therein pictured, allows us in *Edward Elgar: Memories of a Variation* (Methuen) a most vivid glimpse into the Elgar household about the turn of the century, when he was beginning to write his greatest music.

All that he wrote of lasting value came within the space of twenty years, from the *Enigma* of 1899 to the Cello Concerto of 1919. This last, one of the loveliest of his works, breathes an air of wistful resignation and farewell, as though in anticipation of the event which was to end his creative career: the death of Lady Elgar in 1920. Besides the Cello Concerto, what else deserves to survive? *Enigma* and *Gerontius*, certainly; *Falstaff* and the Introduction and Allegro for Strings, and, we may hope, the Violin Concerto, which contains many of his most exquisite and original ideas—for example, the accompanied cadenza—but is blown out, like the two Symphonies, to an excessive rhetorical amplitude. The symphonies have great beauties, but they are exhausting. As long ago as 1911, Walford Davies bravely complained, in a letter to the composer, of their "ceaselessness" and of "the mere aural fatigue which naturally results"; and Miss McVeagh puts her finger on the brash and unlovely element which contributes to our aural fatigue when she writes of the "off-beat swagger, the brassy punctuation chords, the trombone semitone runs".

All differences of opinion about Elgar's music boil down to this question of vulgarity. His invention was rich and various, his individuality unmistakable, his vitality infectious, his technical skill immense; yet again and again he spoils a picture as richly harmonious as a Turner by a final dab of horrible hot paint. For some reason, Elgarian vulgarity seems more offensive than that of some other major composers. The early Verdi is terribly crude, of course, but utterly unpretentious, disarming in his naive and primitive sincerity. Mahler often mistakes bombast for inspiration, but his use of popular material has the saving grace of irony: it is enclosed within imaginary quotation marks. Compared with these, Elgar occupies an uncomfortable half-way house: he has got on in life, but not quite far enough. He is that difficult creature, the self-made man who is also something of a poet. The nearest parallel is with Strauss: no wonder the two so understood and admired one another. But Strauss possessed an amazing objectivity about the limitations of his talent, and he belonged to a very much richer cultural tradition: there was no Hofmannsthal, no one remotely like him, on Elgar's horizon. When Delius met Elgar in 1933, he asked why Elgar had wasted so much time on long-winded oratorios, and Elgar said, "That is the penalty of my English environment."

* *Edward Elgar*. By DIANA MCVEAGH. *Dent*. 18s.
† *Elgar O.M.* By PERCY YOUNG. *Collins*. 30s.

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But from his English environment—from Shakespeare and Cardinal Newman, and from the rivers and valleys of his native Worcestershire—he also drew all that was best in his music. Despite the tearing urban gaiety of *Cockaigne*, he was essentially an open-air composer, one of the great English landscape artists. Ideas came most plentifully to him while fishing for trout from Mordiford Bridge. Once, when rehearsing a passage in the First Symphony with the L.S.O., he half-whispered to the first violins: "Don't play it like that: play it . . . like something you hear down by the river!" The inner core of his music was always, perhaps, something he had heard, or dreamed, down by the river.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

The River Walk

Disturbing it is
To take your stick sedately talking,
Evening in the water and the air;
And discover this: that a woman is a river.
The mythic properties are hard to bear.

Dismaying are
The ways she will intrude—if she intrude
Or merely assume the garments that you give her:
But a water willow stared at for so long
Glows graciously and knows the why you brood.

And such gesticulation—
Are you so young?—before the gentle birch
In its first shimmer: Lover, are you true
To one, or merely finding all you search
Brings the one woman home to you?

But how absurd to see
Her in that stilted bird, the heron in
A silt of river, all her blues pinned up;
In that brocaded goose the swan
For all her myths with Jupiter on top.

Dangerous, dangerous
This mythology. The doctors know it
And reason of it now like any poet.
Lover, go back no farther than your birth;
A woman is a woman, not the earth.

Her human business is
To resolve a man of other women always,
Not be, in a beautiful grotesque, all bodies
So various, a lover—if the girl insist
On love—must be a very pantheist.

PADRAIC FALLON

Chiaroscuro

Seagulls inland from the sea
Glide over the river summer-shrunk
Sweep in wide questing circles on the smooth water

Gliding white on the still water
Bright on the water black in the trees' shadow

Seagulls flying back to the sea
High in the air over the still river
Winging dark on the pale sunset
Hard black on the soft light fading
Strongly upstream back to the sea.

Light fading behind the hills
Leaves river and trees in a single shadow
Swathes trees and hills in one shadow
Until no light reveals the lines of flying
Leaving no meaning in these light and dark distinctions.

NIGEL GRANT

Lucky James

Boswell on the Grand Tour : Italy, Corsica, and France. Edited by FRANK BRADY and FREDERICK A. POTTLE. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

Boswell looked and often behaved like Bob Hope in a costume picture. His nose had a suspicion of the same tilt: his eye had something of the same ingenuous wickedness. At every turn of the story, one half expects him to be unmasked as a man of the twentieth century, a Lucky Jim on the grand scale, implausibly dressed up in "a cocked hat, a brown wig, brown coat made in the court fashion, red vest, corduroy small clothes and long military boots." For this irrepressible impostor was as out of place in the eighteenth century as James Joyce's Bloom: in the *Journals*, indeed, he is Leopold Bloom transposed. All we lack are his musings on the close-stool. There is the same sketchy attempt at dignity; the same vain smattering of Culture; the same lickerish fidgeting; the same inconstant urge to self-improvement. Above all, there is the same lively self-absorption, a more than modern frankness that bursts the seams of eighteenth-century prose like contraband parcels in the pockets of a guilty tourist. Of course, he had no business to be carrying them: but this is human nature as we always suspected it to be, beneath the conspiracy of elegance. Boswell will never be the best-dressed man of letters. How he would have shocked Lord Chesterfield! Even his own servant thought him too free.

Boswell's bump of absurdity makes him the ideal diarist; and the three previous volumes of his *Journal* have been deservedly popular. In some respects, the new instalment is even more promising. The central section, it is true, merely reprints the well-known account of Corsica; and much of the rest has already been published in Professor Tinker's edition of the *Letters* and in the limited edition of the *Private Papers*. But the present volume also contains a long and revealing letter to Rousseau in which Boswell describes his Italian tour, a number of letters from Wilkes and from Boswell's Sienese conquest, Girolama Piccolomini, and many new extracts from his Italian diary. All where necessary have been translated into suitable English, amplified by reliable and amusing footnotes and by the originals of two letters from Rousseau to his mistress Thérèse Le Vasseur. Read as a whole, they provide a fairly continuous narrative of Boswell's travels in 1765-6, in the midst of which (as he later acknowledged) "I got upon a rock in Corsica and jumped into the middle of life."

He had set out from Geneva with less exalted ambitions. "My desire to know the world made me resolve to intrigue a little while in Italy, where the women are so debauched that they are hardly to be considered as moral agents, but as inferior beings." He accordingly laid siege to the honour of his various hostesses with all the urgency of one whose post chaise leaves at dawn. Apart from casual encounters which included Rousseau's mistress, Boswell was successful only once during his journey; and here, in Siena, he seems to have been hoist with his own petard. It was perhaps a relief to escape to Corsica and General Paoli. Elsewhere, his contacts were numerous but unimpressive by comparison. In Rome he spent some agreeable evenings in the company of John Wilkes; and he attached himself to Lord Mountstuart, the feckless son of Lord Bute. But Paoli was the crowning glory of his visit, and the story of "Corsica Boswell" is familiar enough. The real interest of his *Journal* today lies in its revelation of Boswell himself.

Part of his charm is his unconscious parody of ideas and attitudes common to his day.

> Whether loud laughter in general society be a sign of weakness or rusticity I cannot say; but I have remarked that real great men, and men of finished behaviour, seldom fall into it.
>
> If it were not liable to ridicule, I would say that an acquaintance with the language of beasts would be a most agreeable acquisition to man, as it would enlarge the circle of his social intercourse.

Belief is favourable to the human mind, were it for nothing else but to furnish it entertainment. An infidel I should think must frequently suffer from ennui.

Avignon is a very agreeable place to live at. The air is excellent and there are there many nobles.

P.P.S. Read this letter with care. It contains very, very romantic sentiments.

Such remarks as these, made when he had "an unusual flow of spirits" and was not afraid to "appear too enthusiastic," may account for Boswell's ready acceptance by others beside Dr. Johnson. Undying salesman, he was not only liked, but well liked. And yet he was in many ways repulsive. The English, at least, will not easily forgive his treatment of Jachone, the dog which he threw into the sea, made run after his carriage, half-starved, and beat until its nose bled. More serious, except to dog-lovers, was the nauseating hypocrisy with which he churned out his love-letters, protesting black despair unless granted such favours as had lately brought him a disease he still carried. He well deserved the sarcasm of Girolama Piccolomini: "Does my condition give you no uneasiness? You slept well on Monday night? Perhaps at this very moment some other woman is making an impression on your heart? And you call that philosophy?" He well deserved the strictures of his father: "Your conduct astonishes and amazes me. . . ." But he went his own sweet way, egocentric to the last: diseased, drunken, libidinous, and naive. Typically, when learning the flute, he once noted: "I lack application, but that will come." Application in one sense he certainly had. It drove him every day to complete his diary; tired from his travels, timid behind locked doors in a low-class inn. It launched, in preparation for his *Corsica*, "one of the most elaborate and extended campaigns of puffing and propaganda ever to engage the attention of a man of letters." It carried him through the two quarto volumes of his *Johnson*; and it thus assured him his place—on the shadier side of Parnassus.

RICHARD MAYNE

Light on Africa

Report on Africa. By ODEN MEEKER. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

Isle of Cloves. By F. D. OMMANNEY. *Longmans.* 18*s.*

The entire section on South Africa (47 pages out of 394 in its American edition) has been deleted from Mr. Meeker's book. Without that honest, and therefore shocking, report on the racial nightmare down in the Union, this intelligent and fair-minded book no longer merits the commendation given it by the *Atlantic Monthly* that it "is the best all-round introduction to this continent that has appeared to date"—though its British publishers, nevertheless, use that recommendation on its jacket. With its backbone removed, this book now seems almost frivolously non-controversial. Books are having a tough time as it is, these days, and there seems no sane reason why they should knowingly be made weaker.

Mr. Meeker writes with a seductive wit, a genius for potting the histories of the countries he describes, an amazing ability to assemble a vast mass of factual details and to present them without bias; and—the ability not to go deeper than this one-year survey of Africa requires. He makes no study of Federation in Central Africa: a grave omission. For despite the way in which the merger of the Rhodesias with Nyasaland was jammed through a flaccid House of Commons, against the unanimous opposition of the Natives, on the specious promise of "partnership" between White and Black man in Africa, most observers believe that here lies the last chance if there is ever to be an eventual successful multi-racial state in Africa; and, like the present reviewer, have placed their blue chips on it. Not even to have discussed this in a report on Africa, shows a weird sense of values.

The administration of the Belgian Congo comes

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off best in Mr. Meeker's book, as it does with most current observers of Africa. The humanity and high intelligence of that immense big business enterprise: the excellent hospitals and good homes for its workers; the well-planned development and conservation of its natural resources; and, of course, the absence of that hypocrisy so characteristic of British East and Central Africa. In Tanganyika, writing of its two hundred immense sisal plantations, Mr. Meeker points out that the African workers were paid "one of the lowest wages in the world—food and housing and less than five dollars a month in cash." He is wrong there: up until Mau Mau, the average African farm-hand in Kenya was paid 6d. a day, plus *posho*: ground-up maize. He gives an exhilaratingly fresh picture of Liberia: the dignity and skill of President Tubman; the efforts of the Americans working on the 1,000,000-acre Firestone concession to associate with the Africans without any colour bar, even against themselves. He gives rich, exciting pro-African pictures of the development in the Gold Coast and Nigeria. He reports Kenya at the height of Mau Mau terror, when, told off to guard two pretty (but competent!) young ladies, "I felt I had placed myself in good hands." And in Ethiopia he kills that old myth of the 88 Kremlin political agents in the Russian hospital at Addis Ababa, and shows, instead, that Ethiopia today is more under American influence than any other country in Africa. If his pictures are too factual, and do not go down deep to the genuine reasons for so much native unhappiness, they are, nevertheless, fresh.

Isle of Cloves is entirely different. F. D. Ommanney, who gave us that rich book *The Shoals of Capricorn* some years ago, is not an observer; he is a participant. And he confines his whole book to an island that is less than 42 miles long. If any reader does not get the full flavour of the scenes, the smells and stinks, and the sounds of old Zanzibar—most hopeful of which is laughter, happy laughter: African and Arab—it will not be the fault of this big-hearted, thoughtful and seasoned man.

Mr. Ommanney lived a year and a half at Zanzibar. He had been sent there by the Colonial Office to study, and try to improve, the commercial fishing on the reefs around the island, and its sister island of Pemba—where most of the world's cloves are grown today—and along the fabulous and beautiful East African coast. With a fine eye for beauty, he gives us the Arab dhows lying in the harbour in the Canaletto sunsets: last of the great sailing ships, whose rig has not changed in the last 2,000 years; that strange golden glow, that one seems to see only in Zanzibar, in the groves of towering coconut palms; the waves, breaking white on the coral reefs of the Indian Ocean; the distant blue mountains of Africa appearing beyond its jungled shore; the sound of drums, ever-present; disturbing, yet loved. And taking his coat off and working with the African, having them as servants who wish to "belong" to him, he says this:

> In these and many other ways a newcomer and a novice can begin to understand what is really meant by the "call of Africa." It may be part of the vast landscapes with their clear, incredible distances, the sense of heaven and peace. It may be the animal life and the joy of contributing to its destruction. It may be the easier, more free way of living. But it cannot be entirely, or even mainly, any of these things. Mostly the love of Africa is the love for her black people. During my short term on the coast I met a surprisingly large number of Europeans who felt for the African a sense both of love and duty, who found them, during a whole lifetime, as I did during one short year and a half, puzzling, exasperating, at times maddening, but always lovable.

This strikes an almost forgotten note. But Ommanney speaks for many a settler in Kenya and Tanganyika today, whose love for the African should always be remembered when considering the future of the White man on this continent of strife.

Ommanney says that this wish of the African to "belong" is a psychological hangover from the old slave-trading days. He opens his book with a study of these: the rise of Zanzibar under the Sultans from Oman, until, under Seyyid Said, who died in 1856, "Zanzibar was the capital of a vast empire where no writ ran. It was an empire of death." The days when "If the flute plays in Zanzibar, the Africans dance to the great lakes." And of the scornfully brave British, such as the "fierce, fire-eating soldier and man of very high principles," Colonel Rigby, who rushed into the houses of rich Arabs in Zanzibar and liberated slaves with his own hands, and no support from London. Then the years of helpful British Residents, until today, under that fine old gentleman, Sultan Khalifa bin Harub, Zanzibar is the happiest State left in Africa.

NEGLEY FARSON

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JONATHAN CAPE

Bloomsbury Tongues

The Flowers of the Forest. By DAVID GARNETT. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

Future historians of our times, if they follow G. M. Young's advice to go on reading till they hear people talk, will not have to work far through their list of books before they are deafened by voices. All through the 1914 war, the talk never stops: patrician voices utter impossible remarks from Sir Osbert Sitwell's memoirs; in Margot Asquith's, those in the know hand out their confidences across the luncheon table; soldiers shout in anger and despair in *Goodbye to all That*; a private cry of anguish goes up from Virginia Woolf's diary. Now, in the second volume of David Garnett's memoirs, there is a splendid clack of tongues. "Are you interested in politics?" innocently asks Vanessa Bell of her dinner partner, who happens to be Asquith. "Can you tell me, Sir, why I am not in khaki?" counter-attacks Osbert Sitwell, on leave, when a disapproving elderly eye is cast on his mufti in a dentist's waiting-room. "She sits like a cream cheese on a plate," is Duncan Grant's only comment on a sitter, who was Mr. Garnett's wife. "I've got a Cézanne in my suitcase" announces Keynes arriving late one night at the Bells' farmhouse, having picked up some pictures cheap in Paris during the German break-through in 1918.

They are mostly Bloomsbury tongues; and the volume opens with Mr. Garnett, a "shy but good-looking hobbledehoy," being caught up, in the early months of the war, into this clever and gifted company. He spends an embarrassed afternoon showing Duncan Grant's paintings to D. H. Lawrence; he listens to Strachey reading *Eminent Victorians* aloud before publication; he meets T. S. Eliot dining off gold plate at Lady Rothermere's. The story ends in 1922 with his own appearance as a writer, after a walk in the woods with his wife had provided the *donnée* for *Lady into Fox*—the literary consequence, one guesses, of his habit of seeing people in terms of animals which comes out in several of his descriptions here.

Certainly his book shows correct the view of Bloomsbury as a tight little society, a monolithic group that spoke with one voice and warded off the rest of the world. Characters burst out of the stereotypes of popular misconception: Virginia Woolf "brought the wind of the Downs into the house with her. She had a warmth and good-fellowship which set people at their ease." Clive Bell, injecting the jollity of a world of fox-hunters and partridge-shooters, "saved Bloomsbury from being another Clapham sect." Strong differences appear, of temperament and habit. The Stracheys lived for intelligent conversation and only knew *their* way of doing things. Garnett—and Duncan Grant—liked a bit of horseplay, and he took it as a compliment when Keynes complained he was "earthy." Nor was it a closed group: it touched, through Birrell, Keynes and others, the world of government and action. One handsome product of this contact between Bloomsbury and officialdom was the affair of the Degas pictures. Duncan Grant heard of the sale (in 1918) and persuaded Keynes, Keynes talked over Curzon and Bonar Law, and Sir Charles Holmes—minus moustache and wearing false spectacles, to fox the French dealers—went over to Paris and came home with four Ingres, two Delacroix, two Manets and a Gauguin for the National Gallery. He came back, too, with £5,000 from the Treasury unspent and cheap El Grecos and Cézannes unbought; but, as already remarked, Keynes had not missed his private opportunity.

When Mr. Garnett looks back on himself—and most of the time he is pretty well in the centre of the picture—it is to find a young man who was often silly, naive, conceited, inconsistent. He gives himself away cheerfully—about his love affairs (there is a dissertation that I found rather comic, on the difference between a libertine, which he is, and a rake, which most men would like to be), about his wish to prove to his friends that he was an artist, about his views on the war. The war coloured and conditioned the years he writes about: he has not attempted to rise to the passion or rage of those who were directly involved in fighting, but instead has charted, in all its vacillations and inconsistencies, one person's attempt to find out what he believed and act up to it. The attempt led to relief work with the Quakers in France—this episode is beautifully done—and farm work in Sussex at twelve-and-six a week. The result is neither heroic nor illuminating but, in its honesty and occasional absurdity, continuously interesting. And if his views were in a muddle, he has mercifully not tried to tidy them up in retrospect.

I see that Sir Harold Nicolson has been saying, and as if in reproof, that Mr. Garnett is not representative either of life in general or of the tone of a period. I should have thought that an autobiography that was representative of life in general might be horribly dull; and however we may admire them in real life, in autobiography it is usually the lack of public virtues that makes a person attractive. Certainly, as a reader, I am all for Mr. Garnett's imperfections.

JANET ADAM SMITH

Beyond the Subansiri

Himalayan Barbary. By CHRISTOPH VON FÜRER-HAIMENDORF. *Murray.* 21s.

This is a teasing book, teasing both for the author and for the reader. In 1944 Professor von Fürer-Haimendorf was invited by the Indian Government to make an ethnographic survey of one of the last unexplored areas of the world's surfaces, the mountain country between Eastern Assam and Eastern Tibet, between the Subansiri river and the main range of the Eastern Himalaya which, though cartographically within the Indian *raj*, had only once been penetrated and never administered. Three months before the 1944 monsoon were devoted to a preliminary survey; then government plans changed, and the small ethnographic party was transformed into an official one to establish a government post of seventy-five men of the Assam Rifles, a survey party and an Assistant Political Officer. This enlarged programme transformed the author "from an anthropologist on special duty . . . into a kind of glorified quarter-master general." Much of the season was lost in the mechanics of transporting, portering, and feeding so large a body; a few weeks at the end of it were devoted to establishing friendly relations with the nearer villages on the route to the Tibetan frontier; everything was auspicious for a proper ethnographic tour in 1945-46, at which point government decided to cancel the whole project. This large tract of country is still unexplored; societies whose contact with any higher civilisation is merely barter trade—an excessively uncommon situation in the contemporary world—are still unrecorded. Some, such as the Nga—the reputedly original inhabitants—the Sulung and the Loba, are only names.

The reader is further teased by the form in which Professor von Fürer-Haimendorf has chosen to present his results. Some of his anthropological conclusions have been published in Indian technical journals and Assam government publications; and he calls the present volume a travel book. It is written in the first person, there are numerous references to the author's wife, who accompanied him throughout, and the material is presented chronologically. But the author lacks the specific skills of the professional writer of travel books; his prose style is correct, but without grace or personality; he cannot convey æsthetic impressions vividly, and most of the time is reticent about any personal feelings he may have had. He is—very properly—a professional anthropologist, and the interest of his book, which is not inconsiderable, lies in his accounts of these hitherto unknown peoples, the Apa Tani, the Dafla, and the Miri; it seems a pity that he has not presented this material more systematically. The difficulties of recruiting and feeding porters, great though they undoubtedly were, fill too many pages for anybody not contemplating a similar expedition. As it is, the reader has to reassemble in his own mind the fascinating scraps of information scattered through different pages and chapters. It is worth the effort; but the effort might have been made very much less.

This area harbours two sharply contrasting types of society, the Apa Tani of the valley and the Dafla and the Miri (who may be branches of the same society) of the hills. The Dafla seem to resemble in many ways other reported tribes of the Himalayan foothills; they have a relatively simple technology, importing their metal and woven cloth, practice brand tillage, have elaborate systems of blood feuds and techniques for ending them, have widely scattered individual "trading friends," practice polygyny with three different forms of marriage, engage in raiding for cattle and captives, the latter being ransomed or held in a mild form of peonage. The one point which Professor von Fürer-Haimendorf reports of them which is (as far as my knowledge goes) very uncommon in this area, is the ceremonial trade in very highly valued Tibetan bells (from which the clappers have been re-

RICHARD CHURCH

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moved). These bells have names and sexes, and the transfer of ownership is ceremonially elaborated; there seems some resemblance to the *kula* system of Melanesia, as reported by Malinowski and Fortune.

The Apa Tani are a very different and much more interesting society; and they, too, have a social custom quite different from that of any other reported Asiatic society. Members of the "patrician" caste (the society consists of patricians, commoners and slaves) claim status by engaging in the ceremonial and competitive destruction of property, an analogue to the *potlatch* of the Kwakiutl Indians of Western Canada, though the Apa Tani practice appears less excessive. The Apa Tani are remarkable in having developed a much more elaborate and complex society than their neighbours, as it were spontaneously; they are far more "civilised" than any group with which they are in even intermittent contact. They number about 20,000, settled in seven large and permanent villages in one fertile and very intensely cultivated valley. They seem to be remarkable horticulturists, treating even irrigated rice as a perennial, and, despite their almost urban crowding, produce a surplus of food for trading. Their æsthetic sense is highly developed. They are a clan society, with clan exogamy, and power is loosely vested in the most prosperous and influential men of each clan at a given time. Disputes are regulated by public "town meetings"; they employ the death penalty for persistent offenders, but not imprisonment. There is premarital sexual freedom, with the customary concomitants of very few illegitimate children and very little divorce. There is a certain amount of mutual hand-hunting, raiding, and taking of prisoners with the Dafla.

This society raises the problem of the conditions under which a settled and higher civilisation can emerge from an unsettled and simpler state. One of the peculiarities of this area seems to be that, though there has been some diffusion of material objects from Assam and Tibet, there has been no diffusion of either Hinduism or lamaism; these two religions depend on scriptures, and so on literacy, and their diffusion reduces the recipients to conscious illiteracy. According to Professor von Fürer-Haimendorf's account—and it is fortunate that most of his ethnographic time was spent with this tribe—the Apa Tani have the pride and self-reliance characteristic of cultures which know no superiors. Many of the 35 excellent photographs portray members of this society, and very attractive they appear; it is deeply to be hoped that a complete study will be made possible in the near future.

GEOFFREY GORER

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The Power of Sound

Friday's Child. By WILFRED WATSON. *Faber.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Patmos and Other Poems. By ROBIN SKELTON. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Friday's Child and *Patmos* are both first volumes, their authors are both University teachers, neither of them has yet settled into an individual style, but both are rather accomplished. It is here that they meet, in this odd technical knowingness that sustains their changes and hesitations of style. Both poets take their art very seriously; yet it may be that in one way they take it too seriously; their art *as art* absorbs too much energy. Of course, any poet in his first volume will spend time trying on different styles to see how they fit him. What matters is the body of feeling underneath. Mr. Watson, particularly in his religious poems, is like Joe Gargery in his Sunday clothes, sincere but uncomfortable. Mr. Skelton, who is slighter, overdresses.

Temperamentally, he belongs to the rather prim, questioning school of poets, whom you admire for their neatness, for assuming too little rather than too much. It is a literary poetry (Mr. Skelton's best poem is addressed to Marvell), whose effect relies on its fairness and polish rather than any great personal insistence. It leaves you with questions, but rarely suggests the answers. So each side is balanced out and nobody's feelings are hurt:

> What is this empty open door
> That hints the vacancy of art?

asks Mr. Skelton. I feel it is certainly of his own choosing; but also, perhaps, of his own limitations as a poet. For Mr. Skelton has courage. He tackles large themes and he tackles personal ones. Yet the more serious the subject the less successful his writing. He writes, it seems to me, from the will: his rhythms are heavy, imposed from the outside. They never come alive, never show any real inner disturbance. And so he has to be content with ruffling the surface of his poems. He uses words more for their own sakes, more to create a suitably ominous noise, than to communicate as precisely as he can something understood:

> Shuffling off circumstance, the timeless clock
> Turns towards a primal lost design,
> And the Siddons' canvas darkness knows
> Her doppelgänger form unbound of time.

Nowadays the reader rather expects difficulty, he is willing to take trouble over poetry. But there must be a certain urgency in the poem to persuade you that the poet, too, has taken trouble. Neither of these writers is difficult in that way. Often they are muddled, they fail to get close to what they have to say and leave you with a rhetorical approximation. But real difficulty comes from great economy and delicacy of expression. The poet has an inwardness which demands an equal clarity and honesty of response from the reader. Mr. Skelton and Mr. Watson know all about symbols, image patterns and tricks of syntax. But all the time they are expressing rather simple things. Continually, they seem about to be profound and original, and continually they stop short. Mr. Skelton, in the end, leaves you with this sense of accomplishment and dissatisfaction. I don't feel that he writes religious poems any more than he writes personal love poems. He writes *about* religion and love. It is occasional verse.

Mr. Watson is not troubled by literary primness. He is altogether freer than Mr. Skelton, yet at the same time more obviously derivative. It is a strange mixture: in his best poems he has a vigour of his own that comes through quite clear and direct. But other poets' rhythms keep on creeping in: Dylan Thomas in *And Should She Ask*, Eliot in *Graveyard on a Cliff*, Hopkins in *Tarquin*, Blake in *A Curse of Dahlias*, Yeats in *Of Hendrickje as Bathsheba*. If these ventriloquist poems were part of Mr. Watson's apprenticeship, it has been worth while. His phrasing is at times very skilful:

> Sir Thomas . . . wished that we could love like plants and trees
> Joined by the trade of winds and hairs of bees.

But I feel that this careful, subtle tone does not come very naturally to him. He is at his best in more direct ballad-like forms which rely on keeping up the swing of the thing rather than on saying much. There his roughness seems fuller and more alive than the out-of-place wordiness of his more ambitious poems. Unlike Mr. Skelton, I don't think that Mr. Watson has ever really finished a poem. But it is just that sense of slightly undirected vigour that is effective. The question is whether he will eventually direct it and go on to write poetry which gets close to what he feels without fuss, or whether he will rest content merely to thunder words.

A. ALVAREZ

The Infernal Machine

A Frenchman Examines His Conscience. By JULES ROMAINS. *Deutsch.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is now the fashion in France for prominent literary figures to be asked to analyse their country's ills in the columns of the Press. We have had François Mauriac in *L'Express*, Armand Salacrou in *Le Parisien* and André Maurois in *Réalités*, to name but three. Last year, Marcel Boussac, owner of the extreme Right-wing daily *L'Aurore* as well as of a Derby winner, cast around for his own personal *mandarin* and succeeded in unearthing Jules Romains. Romains' reputation as the author of *Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté* was sufficiently time-worn for him to be in the right disgruntled mood for the job, but his standing in official circles (he seems to hobnob with Ministers and generals) guaranteed that he would not tread upon too many prominent toes.

The English reader can now judge the wisdom of M. Boussac's choice. M. Romains turns out to be a sort of Right-wing Jolly Jack Priestley, turned sour by inflation and anti-Communism, an elderly Frère Jacques tolling a cracked tocsin and sighing for "the hard-working France of the day before yesterday." He loathes the working-classes ("the worker is sacred, but work—there's the enemy"), civil servants ("creeping waste"), and income tax ("a blow struck at the honesty of the French"). French people are dirty; if you give them baths they use them to store coal and (a new one, this) potatoes. French houses are "ten times more sordid than ever before in the course of their history," whereas once they were "meticulously clean, like the interiors painted by Dutch masters in the seventeenth century." And why? Because the workers spend all their money on food. M. Romains once took a walk in a working-class district, and his tired old novelist's eyes nearly popped out of his head when he saw people buying "partridges and pheasants . . . Portuguese oysters overshadowed by the aristocrats of Belon and Marenne . . . strawberries in the middle of winter . . ." "And if you're fond of contrasts," he adds,

> you should take a walk at the same hours in precisely those streets of the Faubourg Saint-Germain

where the countesses, the retired generals and a few old couples do their shopping; those whom Communist propaganda calls "the vile bourgeois pleasure-seekers!"

All this, of course, is good meaty copy for *L'Aurore's* readers. But when M. Romains gets down to the inevitable constructive part, at the end of the book, he comes a cropper. Having the remnants of a tidy mind, he draws an analogy between the State and a machine constructed in three tiers; and he then proceeds to criticise the machine and suggest improvements. Unfortunately, the machine (I imagine it as rather like that monstrous contraption Louis XV built at Marly to pump water into the lakes at Versailles) doesn't correspond to any known set of dynamic rules and M. Romains can't quite decide how it works. Sometimes the top tier consists entirely of "levers," sometimes of "mainsprings," and on one glorious occasion of "a system of connecting tubes and jets." Then the two bottom tiers get mixed up; there are too many wheels in the second tier and they are "stuffed with enormous wads of social fabric." Meanwhile, the bottom tier is "floundering" and there is "high-compression tyranny in high places" (the top tier?). All this is very exciting, but the result rather disappoints: we are expecting some tremendous explosion, but M. Romains never quite tells us what happened to his terrible machine in the end. Having plunged into its bowels, he comes up for air in the last chapter, a small string of cogwheels hanging from one ear, and politely demands a uninominal ballot and a return to the gold standard. This, curiously enough, coincides exactly with what M. Boussac wants.

PAUL JOHNSON

New Novels

Adam, Where Art Thou? By HEINRICH BOLL. *Arco.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Maybe I'm Dead. By JOE KLAAS. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Achilles His Armour. By PETER GREEN. *Murray.* 15*s.*

The Honeymoon *and* **A Religious Man.** By RICHARD CHASE. *Hogarth.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Shut Out the Sun. By LIONEL ALROY. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

One of the reasons why the second world war has so far proved so awkward a subject for creative writers is its operational shapelessness. Compared with the vast surging migrations of mechanised troops along a 1,500-mile front, or the sudden lizard-like darts across desert, the trench-warfare on the stabilised western front between 1915 and 1918 was, for all its bloodiness, a static, localised affair. Dug-out life offered novelists and playwrights some of the Aristotelian conveniences of a closed institution, like our old familiar environments of school, prison or hospital, where we always feel at home. During World War II, the most historically crucial theatre, the Eastern front, was the most fluid of all. It remains woefully underwritten.

We have had nothing from the Russians, and from the Germans only a few glimpses. The latest of these to be translated, *Adam, Where Art Thou?* is more vivid than the average. It gives you a realistic picture of an ordinary German unit in chaotic retreat, somewhere on the borders of Hungary and Roumania, and follows one or two other ranks, notably Feinhals, an agreeable, nondescript little corporal, back into the even more disintegrated life of the demobilised. Meanwhile Ilona, the Jewish girl with whom he had a transient love affair, has been sent to an extermination camp and murdered by a Nazi choirmaster, an even more disgusting type of lunatic than most concentration-camp commandants. Herr Boll has a good eye for colour and realises the contrast-value of the homely detail in midnightmare.

Maybe I'm Dead covers the same area of experience from the point of view of the Allied prisoners

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of war. It follows a group of air-officers, mostly American, a few of ten thousand men who, in January, 1945, were taken on an appalling forced march from Silesia to get them out of the way of the advancing Russians. Mr. Klaas tells his story at great length with elaborate biographical flash-backs for his leading characters. Sufferings on the march, at halts, in conditions of hideous filth and cold, and attempts to escape, are all done in vast detail. The book impresses as an honest piece of documentary. Unfortunately Mr. Klaas is no novelist, and whenever he tries to use story-telling devices the effect is stiff and unreal.

Alcibiades has already proved an *ignis fatuus* to more than one writer. His particular blend of brilliance and bitchiness does not travel well across the centuries. He has obviously given Mr. Green a great deal of trouble. In the fictional parts of *Achilles His Armour* there are some curious discordances of mood. Here and there Mr. Green hits on a nice light dry dialogue which reads just right; too often his colloquialisms jar. In stressing the heterosexual side of Alcibiades he boldly invents a relationship with Aspasia and he is plainly anxious to counter attack that peculiarly tiresome homosexual sentimentality which some classics dons lavish on their darling. But the character slips away. We are left, however, with a clear, lively and scrupulously accurate history of the Peloponnesian War with excellent battle scenes and imaginative reconstructions on a Thucydidean base.

Both Mr. Chase's novelettes are concerned with young Englishmen in marital difficulties in Italy. In *The Honeymoon* Eric Morgan takes his American wife, Cassandra (Basil Seal would have labelled her an art-tart) to an Italian hill town. They bicker and drink and meet some Americans. Cassandra goes to bed with one of them after a party. Morgan goes back to his hotel to pack and philosophise. Both his and his wife's parents are separated so we get the impression that they are following preordained patterns, but it still seems surprising that they should have married at all. In *The Religious Man*, Michael, an amiable pensive young schoolmaster, is on the run from his man-hating wife Cynthia. He meets a very unpopular pair of landowners, the brother and sister Baldassari, starts a love affair with Olimpia, the sister, and gets shot by her brother in the thumb. This, and the sudden news of Cynthia's death acts like a successful shock treatment. We leave Michael with the impression that when he gets home he may settle down quite nicely on the staff of a progressive school. Mr. Chase can write very nicely. His plan, in both stories, seems to have been to reinforce his *penchant* for sensitivity with strong plots, and then play down the drama; both stories have turned out to be rather long for their content.

The fantastic diversity of the Indian scene, especially marked since the winding up of the British *raj*, should offer wonderful opportunities to the writer. Oh for a Bengali Balzac! In his first novel, *Shut Out The Sun*, about the misadventures of a young Central European Jew in Calcutta, Mr. Lionel Alroy has been almost overpowered by his material. He seems to have been unable to make up his mind whether he was writing a satirical comedy or a political thriller. Hozay Salas, his economist, who tells the story in very readable first-person style, colloquial but not affectedly slick, is drifting about the displaced European and Anglo-Indian business community, living uneasily with a pretty Hungarian schoolmistress. He becomes involved as a catspaw in a complicated political intrigue reporting on Communists for a group of Indian business men who turn out to be themselves cryptos. Towards the end the violence piles up and conviction declines, but the reporting of social life in Calcutta is nicely done and gives you a sharp impression of a special kind of chaos and insecurity which has affinities, however remote, with both Dublin after the signing of the Treaty and Petrograd during the interregnum between Tsar and Bolsheviks.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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CASSELL

The Geisha Treadmill

The World of Dew: Aspects of Living Japan. By D. J. ENRIGHT. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

For many years Japanese universities have been in the habit of inviting English writers of distinction or promise to Japan as teachers of language and literature. These gifted and articulate people naturally use their experiences in the country as material, and so it comes about that the Japanese student is a more familiar figure to the English reader than any other student in the world; indeed, it is quite remarkable how much we know of this earnest, muddled and emotional being. It was Mr. Enright's intention, he tells us, to abstain from informing us further: "my ambition," he writes, in an artful-artless foreword, "was to belong to that small and select band of people who have lived in Japan without writing about it." How he came to fail in this apparently modest aim he does not entirely make clear; nor can we entirely accept his excuse for the confused little book that results, namely that "the scene I have been trying to convey is even more confused." He may not, as he says, be able to encompass the Whole Truth in a single book, and probably no one would insist on this; but if he produces a volume of 214 small pages for which the reader is expected to pay eighteen shillings, he might surely take more trouble over its arrangement.

I enjoyed Mr. Enright's observations on Japanese poetry, although whether an appreciation of it is possible without real knowledge of the language may be in some doubt. He is very interesting on the subject of his students, whose many grievous problems he approaches in a spirit of humanity that does him honour, and contrasts pleasantly with his donnish querulousness towards some others, myself included, with whom he happens not to agree. The pages devoted to the foreign words drawn into the Japanese vocabulary in recent times are fascinating. But the other aspects of living Japan that he deals with are treated less happily. If really, at this time of day, we must again tread the well-worn round of geisha, brothels, bars, Kabuki, baths, drunks, tea ceremony, flower arrangement and the absurdity of Lafcadio Hearn, are we not entitled at least to some freshness of view or presentation? Mr. Enright does not tell us much that we do not know, nor does he write well enough to compensate us in other ways; and to include a chapter supposedly on social and political problems which, in fact, is no more than a report of interviews he had with two Japanese personalities, is sheer laziness.

He is apt to be knowing, to put us right: he delights in the clearing away of "misconceptions" and the exploding of "myths." It is curious, then, that the only practical suggestions he offers for the betterment of the Japanese race are precisely those we are always hearing from the lips of dear old English ladies abroad: namely, that the people should be forbidden to spit and relieve themselves in public, to ill-treat their animals and spoil their children. Incidentally, regarding the animal question and Mr. Enright's belief that cruelty is one and indivisible, it may be pointed out that cruelty, or even unkindness, to children is practically unknown in Japan, while horrible cases of it occur in England all the time. In short, the mountain has brought forth a mouse; and I suspect that the trouble has been a lack of any real sympathy for or understanding of the country in which the author is employed.

HONOR TRACY

Shorter Reviews

Memorable Balls. Edited by JAMES LAVER. *Verschoyle.* 30*s.*

An anthology of parties might have been a better idea, beginning with the Satyricon and ending with *The Wrong Set*. As it is, this collection is not quite serious enough for sociology nor funny enough for a Christmas present. Mr. Laver and his team of eleven writers, chosen, we are told, "for their powers of description, their sense of period and their social awareness," give a rather pedestrian account of entertainments to which, on the whole, one is glad not to have been invited. Harold Acton is sadly off-form ("the Queen swooned again and was borne senseless to her chamber"); Rosamund Harcourt-Smith rashly challenges Miss Nancy Mitford on her own ground; Alan Pryce-Jones discovers the Byronic version of the Waterloo Ball to be a pack of lies, and is dismayed by the dullness of fact. John Russell makes his ball, the Grande Fête d'Amour at Versailles, sound every bit as unentertaining as the rest, but has a good line in asides: "People cannot dance freely, or with any semblance of pleasure, if they are starved, frozen and spied upon; and even when the King attempted to make himself invisible by swathing himself in tulle, it is difficult to suppose that there was any great show of relief." The lithographs and drawings by Walter Goetz are perhaps the gayest feature of the book; but one cannot help remembering how much better this sort of thing was done in *Orlando* and *Valse des Fleurs*, by words alone.

Hitler's Paper Weapon. By WILHELM HÖTTL. *Hart-Davis.* 15*s.*

Dr. Höttl was a young Austrian historian who joined enthusiastically in 1938 the German secret service, and had become, by 1940, Commissioner of AMT VI—covering central and south-east Europe. In his book he conveys the impression that he was a very important person—consulted by Himmler and Kaltenbrunner, able to assist Schellenberg "owing to my influence in the Service," venturing to approach the Vatican with suggestions that the Western Powers should join Germany (purged naturally of Nazism) in a holy crusade against the U.S.S.R. However this may be, Höttl knew quite a lot of *Sicherheitsdienst* devilry—including the plan known as "Operation Bernhard," to forge large quantities of Bank of England notes. It is doubtful whether the intention ever was to undermine international credit

in British currency; the real utility of this counterfeit currency was to enable the secret service to pay liberally its agents abroad.

In his account of the activities thus financed—the rescue of Mussolini and Ciano, the successful photography of documents in the British Embassy at Ankara—Dr. Höttl adds little to familiar knowledge. His more interesting stories relate to his radio interception activities in the Austrian Alps. With the aid, he says, of skilled Hungarian decipherers, he secured extremely useful intelligence from the Turkish Embassy in Moscow—to say nothing of messages from an agent in London called "Alois," who reported on every V2 hit. Was "Alois" genuine, or a plant by the British? There is no evidence. As for the painstaking intercepts from Moscow (and the Turks were not the only garrulous reporters: was there not a famous Asian ambassador in Berlin?) Höttl sadly reports that, though General Jodl was interested, the Führer himself dismissed all the precious information as nonsense. The secret agent's life in Germany was not always a happy one.

Scribbling, Drawing, Painting. By W. GRÖZINGER. *Faber.* 15*s.*

The excesses of child art—or, rather, of child art enthusiasts—have led people to doubt the value of the revolution that has, and still is, taking place in art education. A book like this restores belief, and forces one to realise that the rehabilitation of our culture is impossible without immense energy, imagination, talent and scientific thought being applied to the school and home life of young children. Dr. Grözinger is a child psychologist as well as being a specialist in child art. He addresses himself to parents and teachers; his explanations of specific processes are difficult but by no means impossible to follow; his generalisations and practical advice are simple, unpretentious and full of what one can only call an imaginative tenderness.

The main purpose of the book, which is clearly illustrated, is to trace the development from the child's first scribbles (on the wall, if the parent fails to supply paper) when he is two years old, to the beginning of realistic intentions at six or seven. Dr. Grözinger's argument is that drawing and painting in these early years is, as Herbert Read writes in his Introduction, "a total bodily activity," allied to dancing and gymnastics. By scribbling the child consolidates within himself what he is learning with his whole body and intuition about gravity, space, walking, turning round, breathing. To encourage the growth of this physical sense of balance to the full, Dr. Grözinger believes that children should draw and paint with both hands, thus uniting both the thinking and feeling halves of their brains. Put so simply, his theories may sound less important than they are. He never confuses art education with training to be an artist, but aims to do nothing less than implant in all modern adults the spontaneous, sensuous taste usually only possessed by those few who use their hands to create.

The Bible Today. *Eyre & Spottiswoode (for The Times).* 25*s.*

A special Bible supplement of *The Times* sold so well that an expanded version is here published. It is a handsome volume, beautifully illustrated, in which a score of experts, mostly theological professors, outline scholarly views in this field, for the ordinary reader. Mostly they tell what is accepted and well known; so we learn again about the J, E, D and P strands in Genesis, and how the Authorised Version was made, and the story of metrical psalms. Only a few try to indicate the controversial issues in biblical studies today. There is nothing about the Dead Sea scrolls, except as confirming the accepted Hebrew text of Isaiah; nothing about the renewed interest in the Messianic King; little indication of the intensified biblicism of much modern theology, based on the Fall and the Cross, and not recommending the reading of the Bible merely because of the similarity of conditions then and now; only a bare mention of demythologisation. Even the historical articles might have strayed from the familiar paths, and told about Richard Simon and Wetstein, instead of Wiclif and Tyndale.

The Rev. C. S. C. Williams makes the interesting point that the period of historical scepticism about the Gospels, arising from Form-Criticism, appears to be ending, so we may expect new *Lives of Jesus* from the pens of scholars. Professor G. R. Driver compares recent English translations of the Bible; his comments arouse appetite for more. Monsignor Knox gives an appreciation of the personality of Paul. But *The Times* Music Critic seems off his home-ground in a discussion of music and the Bible.

The Grand Captain. By GERALD DE GAURY. *Longmans.* 18*s.*

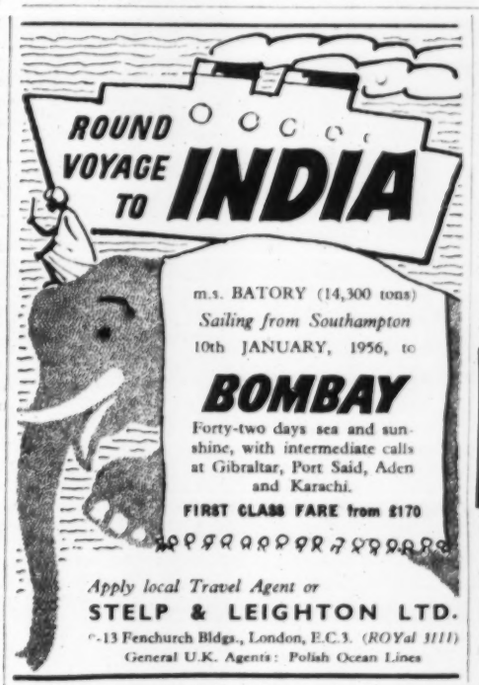
Any biography of Gonzalo de Cordoba, the first great soldier of the modern era, is likely to arouse greater hopes among military specialists than Mr. de Gaury, in this modest and pleasantly written work, sets himself to fulfil. He has written a chronicle which in style and approach is plainly influenced by the contemporary accounts from which he has worked. But it is perhaps not too churlish to admit that one might have hoped for more. This is, after all, a study of the first man to master the new techniques of the gunpowder era; of the founder of those *tercios* which were to dominate European warfare for a century and a half and to establish infantry as the dominant force in battle; and of the leading figure in that series of Mediterranean struggles which may be seen as the last of the great medieval wars of chivalry or as the first of the great modern wars of political ruthlessness and scientific skill.

Cordoba links those irreconcilable contemporaries, Machiavelli and Bayard. Fascinating questions thus arise of comparative military ethics and techniques, of recruiting and pay, of supply and economics, at which Mr. de Gaury barely glances; and even his analysis of Cordoba's own military genius is at best superficial. Nor is it always easy to tell when the vivid word-pictures in which the book abounds are based on evidence, and when they are the product of a lively imagination. Readers unworried by such pedantic considerations, however, and content with a narrative garnished with patches not unpleasantly purple, should find the work readable, stimulating, and within limits informative.

Music Before the Classic Era. By ROBERT STEVENSON. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

There must be any number of hungry musical sheep, particularly young ones, who can't get anyone to feed them a straight answer to such questions as "Who *was* Palestrina (or Dufay, or Gluck), and what did he do?" This is precisely what Mr. Stevenson sets out to do. His method is rather to concentrate on particular great composers and their achievements than to describe the connections between music and the other arts, social and religious changes. This may not be a very modern way of writing history, but it has the merit of being easily assimilated. For the best results it needs a sharper, quicker gift for sketching character (musical or personal) than this author possesses, but in the main he has produced a balanced and useful, if not a very vivid little book. Just two quibbles: the connection between Spanish and English instrumental music in the sixteenth century is still too controversial to be stressed; and why does Purcell appear only as the composer of *Dido*?

Mr. Jocelyn Brooke's forthcoming book, *The Dog at Clambercrown* (Bodley Head), should have appeared under "Autobiography" in our selected list last week, and not "Criticism and Essays."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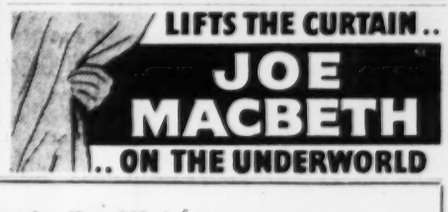

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Sponsored by EARL RUSSELL, LORD BOYD ORR, PROFESSOR C. F. POWELL, F.R.S.
Tickets from C. Hamp, 37 Newton Road, W.2 or at door

City Lights

Gilt-edged Market All Ablaze

THE City's interest in money is professional and impersonal: boom and slump, good news and bad indifferently provoke an appropriate response. Uncertainty is far more unwelcome than bad news, and after a prolonged interlude of uncertainty the common urge to establish a fresh starting point for activity becomes very strong

The Chancellor's speeches last week had been expected to provide this fresh starting-point, and —in spite of their windy imagery—have to some extent done so. It was possible to deduce that the Government meant to take steps, and even had a general idea of what they would be (though not, perhaps, where they would lead). Until Parliament reassembles and details are made public, uncertainty is likely to persist in stock markets. But to an avidly sensitive audience a hint has gone a long way. Industrial equities have been weaker even than before; the gilt-edged market has blazed.

* * *

The pace of the recent advance in gilt-edged securities and in fixed interest stocks generally is at least a partial reflection of the new and apparently disheartening prospect for industrial equities. Even before the Chancellor's speech their future seemed less golden. A torrent of rights issues, provoked by the pressure on bank overdrafts, had swept away a good deal of what surplus cash remained in the hands of shareholders and underwriters and threatened to take more. Scattered half-yearly company reports were suggesting that profits were no longer rising as quickly as sales. Indeed, a repetition of last year's tremendous rise in profits assumes complete governmental incompetence and unbridled inflation. Yet these things were sometimes assumed; and even after the sharp setback in industrial stocks, many prices still implied the expectation of a considerable increase in company earnings and dividends.

Whatever form the new measures may take, it is generally supposed that their aim will be to discourage home consumption and drive companies out into a highly competitive and far less profitable export market. This, together with a possible reduction in constructional activity and potential difficulties in the motor-car trade, makes the future growth of company profits even more difficult to predict. Add the Chancellor's suggestion that prices should be cut (like those of I.C.I.'s nylon and Terylene) and that a smaller proportion of profits should be distributed, and the industrial market naturally looks disconsolate.

* * *

Everything can go too far, and usually does on the Stock Exchange. Barring a general recession (which *might* conceivably take place next autumn if the Government overdoes the toughness) many equities are beginning to look attractive at present prices. It is not surprising that buyers are beginning, hesitantly, to nibble small pieces of bait again. But for the time being the institutions are not likely to lend their support, and buying will be extremely selective.

If reasons for uneasiness about the future of industrial equities are easily found, those to explain the stampede into gilt-edged stocks are not. The level of yields appeared to be secularly high; the tone of the speech made by the Governor of the Bank suggested that he had now succeeded in explaining to Mr. Butler the limitations of Bank Rate and made a further rise in present circumstances appear unlikely. Institutional and private investors, therefore, after holding off for a considerable time, have returned in a rush to buy high yields for long periods.

For all this, however, the pace of the rise in the gilt-edged market seems to have been too hot. It appears to assume a programme of deflation on a more massive scale than would be either economically plausible or politically practicable. There are already signs—the impact of the new Government loan—that the pace is slackening.

* * *

The gilt-edged boom, however, has come at a very opportune time for the authorities. On Monday, terms were announced of the expected new loan issue which is to deal with the £524m. of 3 per cent. Serial Funding stock due to mature in mid-November. This had more than a routine interest. The pressure on credit had resulted in less than usual of the maturing stock being held by Government departments, and less than usual of the remainder being held by institutions in the money market. Was the Government then to escape the risk of having to pay out a large amount of cash (and so defeating its own policy) by offering holders conversion into a stock likely to appeal to industrial firms? Or would it allow firms to take their cash, withdrawing it again by offering a new stock attractive to one of those other main sources of funds, the banks, insurance companies, pension funds, and private investors?

The actual terms of the new issue are a compromise between these considerations. Holders of the maturing stock have been offered conversion into a new 4 per cent. Conversion stock 1957-8 at 99½; £250m. of the new stock has also been offered for cash. The gross redemption yield to earliest date (the relevant one here) is £4 6s 6d per cent., an attractive one in comparison with those ruling on comparable stocks. The high running yield will make the issue attractive to the banks and the discount market, and although the capital appreciation element is small, there is reason to believe that some industrial companies at least will find the terms suitable. All in all, the operation is likely to be a success; unsold stock can be absorbed later by the banks.

TAURUS

She's running away—

THE GIRL

with the

SWANSDOWN SEAT

"What Menken did for 1920 America, Cyril Pearl has done for Victorian England. . . . Extraordinarily entertaining."—*Books & Bookmen.*

3rd large printing ready!

Illustrated. 18/- *net.*

Auntie Mame

is coming soon!

FREDERICK MULLER

Week-end Competition

No. 1,338

Set by Matador

Several well-known playwrights—among them Salacrou and Anouilh—started their careers as advertising copywriters. Competitors are invited to imagine the result if *one* of the following were commissioned to write a "plug" in dramatic form for Commercial Television: Sophocles, Shakespeare, Congreve, Chekhov, Christopher Fry, T. S. Eliot, Tennessee Williams. Any product may be plugged; but beware of libel. Limit 150 words; entries by October 25.

Result of No. 1,335

Set by Peter Pastmaster

Much interest has been aroused by Miss Nancy Mitford's lecture on "Upper Class Usage" in a recent essay. Basing herself upon a Birmingham professor, Miss Mitford proffered a series of examples of U and non-U Usage. For instance:

Cycle is non-U against U *bike.*

Dinner: U-speakers eat *luncheon* in the middle of the day and *dinner* in the evening. Non-U speakers (also U-children and U-dogs) have their *dinner* in the middle of the day.

Greens is non-U for U *vegetables.*

Home: non-U—"they have a lovely *home*"; U—"they've a very nice *house.*"

The usual prizes are offered for a dialogue between a U and a non-U-speaker on the news that the Duke of Marlborough has installed a milk-bar for the use of visitors to Blenheim.

Report

It was 'phones, serviettes, mantelpieces, doilies, cruets, and notepaper all the way. Bearskins for busbies, stabled for garaged (of a car), litter-bins for waste-paper baskets were among the invidious distinctions; while off-white phrases —"Ever so nice," "Granted soon as asked," "Your good lady," "Ta a lot" and "all over my new costume!"—abounded. Many competitors seemed to draw on their memories of *Kipps* for the non-U speech and for their upper-class usage on the Barsetshire of Mrs. Thirkell. Anne Carmichael cast her dialogue in three very different social moulds, D. H. M. Cook struck a fine Daisy Ashford note with his "I'd put my feet on my mantelpiece if I felt like it. Trouble is, it's covered with invitations to balls, theatres and such." Only Seumas succeeded completely and he carries off three guineas. Two guineas to Anne Carmichael and ten and sixpence each to E. B. C. Jones and Anon (name and address, please).

You seem horrified, Mrs. Flagorn. I think the new *buvette* at Blenheim is a splendid idea.

But a milk-bar, viscountess—it's so common!

Not at all. I believe it's the first of its kind; though Lord Fitzlarron and I are now planning to provide meals here for our visitors.

In this historic home?

In this very room.

Beg pardon, your ladyship, but it doesn't seem right: a snack-bar at Blenheim and this grand old lounge a cafe. Fancy you serving dinners to trippers!

The staff would do the work, and we close to visitors before dinner.

Oh! But even lunches would be out of place here.

Indeed they would. However, by borrowing a little ducal discretion we might contrive some—ah—light meals about midday. Perhaps some of your Institute members could help with the catering.

Our ladies would be charmed, I'm sure.

You see, Mrs. Flagorn, our plan has possibilities.

Why, yes, viscountess! Fruit and greens from your gardens; dainty serviettes with the Fitzlarron crest

on them like your notepaper; there'd be hares and wild ducks from—

Thank you, Mrs. Flagorn, for those valuable suggestions. Goodbye! Don't forget your gloves!

Ah! On the mantelpiece. Goodbye! And many thanks!

SEUMAS

Scene: A Stately Home.

Lord Alconleigh: It's no good arguing with me, Weston, that sewer Marlborough's gone and put a beastly little cafe in his place and I'm bloody well not going to stand by and see him do it. We can get one into the conservatory. And you can tell Davies to hurry up with those miserable winter greens.

Weston: Vegetables, my lord.

Lord A.: Well, whatever they are we can serve 'em up with the plaice and chips.

Weston: Fried potatoes, my lord. I suggest that there might be a park for the visitors to put their—er—bikes, my lord.

Lord A.: Not near my chrysanthemums, they won't. I'll see Marlborough further if we have to put up with that sort of nonsense. And they'll have to be told not to leave their wretched belongings all over the lounge. I'm not going to have a rabble lying about the couches, eating their dinners and smoking their fags. It's no good, I won't have it.

Weston: Drawing-room, sofas, luncheons and cigarettes, my lord. If it's all the same to you, my lord, I shall have to be giving in my notice.

Lord A.: What for, you sewer?

Weston: My lord, Miss Mitford has offered me a post in Paris.

ANNE CARMICHAEL

N.-U.: Our teacher made us kids drink milk at school.

U.: Fortunately my form-master had no say in the matter.

N.-U.: Proper awful stuff.

U.: Bloody awful.

N.-U.: Rather see the toffs drink it on Telly.

U.: You can drink it with blue blood at Woodstock in the flesh.

N.-U.: Well, me and the missus might take a dekker at this bar.

U.: I'm madly curious, but if my wife comes she'll order double brandies.

N.-U.: And my missus will want an intro. to her ladyship.

U.: I can get you an introduction if you're serious.

N.-U.: Pardon, what did you say? Oh, no thanks. How about a milk shake, I've got a flask of rum.

U.: What? Oh, that's frightfully nice of you.

ANON

Good morning, Mrs. Gaskell. Did you see in the *Mirror* they are putting up a milk-bar in Blenheem Park? That's where we went at Whitsun. A milk-bar will be nice for the kiddies, won't it?

O dear. Well. But the only time I went into a milk-bar, I asked for a glass of milk, and the girl looked as though she had never heard of it.

I expect you needed a Shake, Mrs. Gaskell. I hope they'll put it down by that lake. It was by the lake Barry took that snap of me—did I show you?—that is so much nicer than the art photo I had taken for our anniversary. I had my new jigger jacket, and my new Terylene skirt, and a new set. But one milk-bar won't be enough, will it?

I suppose not; or too much. But perhaps if one thinks of it as a sort of Folly? . . .

They had the Follies on the tele. last night. Did you see them? They might have a tele. at the milk-bar at Blenheem. That would be smashing.

E. B. C. JONES

The Chess Board

No. 315 This Exchange *is* Robbery

If the hoary adage contradicted by my headline made any sense in Chess there would be no point in "winning" the exchange. Anyway, this is a somewhat ambiguous, not to say contradictory term; and in most other languages the term "gaining quality" seems rather more apt in indicating the bargain of getting a R for a B or Kt. Thus to "win the exchange" is certainly a tangible advantage, and even with a P thrown in one could still claim to be something like half a pawn up; yet, whether and how so slight a material benefit can be converted into a win will entirely depend on the position, and in this one it still took over 40 moves to do so. It occurred in a Yugoslav tournament a couple of years ago, and Euwe (in *Schach-Echo*) has made it the subject of a most instructive analysis. Alas, I have barely one-tenth of his space, and readers' own analysis will have to do for many a subvariation. Yet, the main point, obviously is this that White has to beware of Black's existing passed P and the one yet to come; and that he can win only by creating his own passed P, thus to exploit the restricted and exposed position of the Black K for a mating attack. The beauty of the game is White's consistency in materialising this plan.

(1) R-Q4	Kt-Kt6	(23) R-Q7!	B-B3
(2) B-B2	Kt-B4!	(24) R-Q8	B-Q4
(3) R-Kt1!	Kt-K5	(25) R-Q8 ch	K-B2
(4) B-R4 ch	K-B2	(26) R-Q7 ch	K-Kt1
(5) B-Q3	Kt-B6	(27) B-B1	B-QB6
(6) R-QR1	P-B4	(28) P-B5!	BxP (best)
(7) B-K1	B-B3	(29) P-B6	B-Q5 ch
(8) K-Kt3	Kt-R5	(30) K-K2	B-K5
(9) K-B2	Kt-Kt7	(31) B-R3!	B-Q6 ch
(10) K-K3	P-R5!	(32) K-Q2	P-K4!
(11) B-Q2!	P-R6	(33) R-Kt7 ch	K-R1
(12) B-QB1	Kt-Q8 ch	(34) R-Q7	K-Kt1
(13) K-K2	Kt-Kt7	(35) R-Kt7 ch	K-R1
(14) P-Kt5	K-Kt2?	(36) R-QB7	P-K5
(15) R-R2? (BxKt!)	Kt x B	(37) B x P	P-K6 ch
(16) K x Kt	P-Kt4!	(38) K-B1! (K-K1?)	P-K7
(17) B x P	P x P ch	(39) B-Kt4!	B-K6 ch
(18) K-K3	B-Q4	(40) K-Kt2	B x P
(19) B-B1	K-B1	(41) P-B7	B-B3 ch
(20) R-R7!	B-QB6	(42) K-R3	B-Kt2
(21) B-R3	B-Kt5!	(43) B-B3!	resigns
(22) B-Kt2	K-Kt1		

This was on a razor's edge, and only proper timing saved White from having to fight for a draw rather than win the game.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced the win very neatly. How? **B** and **C** for 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively are both wins for White.

Usual prizes. Entries by October 24.

A: A. Nimzowitsch 1906

B: L. Prokes 1947

C: H. Mattison 1929

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 312. Set September 24

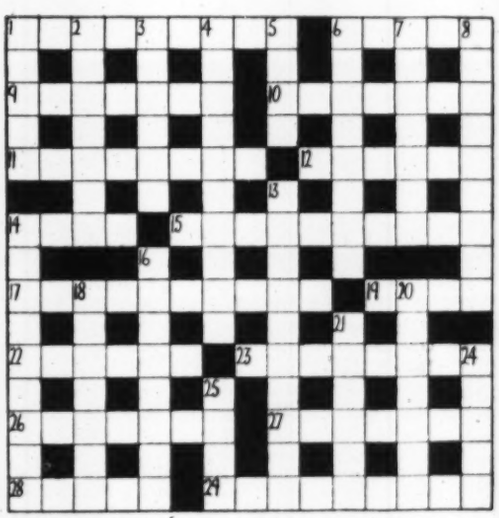
A: (1) R x P?, Q x P ch! (2) B x Q, R x B ch., etc.
B: (1) P-K7, B-Q5 ch. (2) R x B, R-K3. (3) R-Q8 ch, K-B2. (4) P=R! etc.
if (1) . . . K-B2. (2) P=Kt ch!, etc.
C: (1) P-Kt5, K-K3. (2) P x P, K-B3. (3) K-B2!, P-B5. (4) K=B1!, etc.
if (1) . . . P-Kt6. (2) P x P, P-B5. (3) P-R7, P-B6 ch. (4) K-B1, P-Kt7 ch. (5) K-Kt1!, etc.

More stumped by **B** than **C**, but even so over a score of flawless solutions. Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay-Smith, E. W. Carmichael, J. Ernest, G. S. Fisher, A. E. Harris.

ASTIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 174

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 174, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Oct. 25.



ACROSS

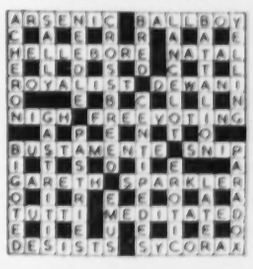
1. Steals back the competent who may be parted (9).
6. Without the bed the plant is reduced to stalks (5).
9. In a broken drop an air gunner develops a foot complaint (7).
10. Cricketer pleased to gain a victory (7).
11. Searches eagerly for the privilege of holding courts among the files (8).
12. Roman court (6).
14. Without men making a start hills become hollows (4).
15. Dam a spring for a town (10).
17. Carol about the subject has little knowledge (10).
19. Fabulous tree with an ancestor in America (4).
22. Equipment for the organisation (6).
23. Sacrifice that which is already half dead (8).
26. Where films are made one has the set and reel to order (7).
27. Contracts for a swift flier from pole to pole (7).
28. Surrender the crop (5).
29. They provide a memory of the divine in words (9).

DOWN

1. Extra special, even if bowled immediately afterwards (5).
2. A self-satisfied fellow makes the shell break (7).
3. Document for the refuse collector (6).
4. A colour council is something to write on (10).
5. Therefore the monster suffers a reverse (4).
6. Wrecks a ship with a mad creature inside it (8).
7. A trier perhaps has us up to do the book again (7).
8. Imaginary adversaries make a boxer out of breath (9).
13. It is a change to phone people on appearance (10).
14. What may be found on the other side of the record? (9).
16. It has a connection with carpets and flights (8).
18. The performer in this part is terrible (7).
20. This body of troops is also in the scheme (7).
21. Leave the wrong way during a concert and the result is a massacre (6).
24. Provides consolation as in a rise of ecclesiastical office (5).
25. This island wants it for a recluse (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 172



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 172

Dr. J. Upton (Aylesbury), R. J. Fisher (Hampton), T. D. Culbert (Manchester 21)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

AUSTRALIA. University of Sydney. Applications are invited for two positions of Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in Pure Mathematics. In the case of one of the appointments preference will be given to applicants whose main interest can be classified broadly as Algebra. Salary for a Lecturer will be within the range £A1,200—£A1,750 per annum, with annual increments of £A80, and for a Senior Lecturer within the range £A1,800—£A2,150 per annum, with annual increments of £A70. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Finance is available for home purchase under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is October 31, 1955.

AUSTRALIA. Canberra University College. Applications are invited for appointment to the following positions: Senior Lecturer in Oriental Civilization; Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Chinese or Japanese; Senior Lecturer or Lecturer in Philosophy. The salary ranges are: Senior Lecturer £A1,498-£A1,748 p.a.; Lecturer £A1,098-£A1,448 p.a. Commencing salary will be determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the applicant. Further particulars, conditions of appointment and the summary form which must accompany applications may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. Applics. close, in Australia and London, on Nov. 1, 1955.

LONDON County Council. Post of special responsibility: Deputy Headmistress, New County Secondary School for Girls at Bloemfontein Road, Hammersmith, W.12. Headmistress: Miss E. M. Lacy. A new secondary school for about 1,500 girls to be opened in September, 1956. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as Deputy Headmistress to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Burnham (London) scale salary with special allowance of £450 a year. The school will work in close association on a voluntary basis with a voluntary-aided grammar school. Courses will be provided for pupils up to and beyond statutory school leaving age, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education or beyond. Special provision will be made for courses in pre-nursing and commerce. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and varied teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms EO/TS10 (N.H.G.) to be obtained from and returned to the Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by October 21. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and who have no particulars to add may apply on form EO/TS10B. Post of special responsibility: Deputy Headmaster, New County Secondary School for Boys at Bloemfontein Road, Hammersmith, W.12. Headmaster: C. Boot, B.Sc. A new secondary school for about 1,500 boys to be opened in September, 1956. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment as Deputy Headmaster to take up duty for preliminary planning at Easter, 1956. Burnham (London) scale salary with special allowance of £450 a year. The school will work in close association on a voluntary basis with a voluntary-aided grammar school. Courses will be provided for pupils up to and beyond statutory school leaving age, including some leading to the General Certificate of Education or beyond. Special provision will be made for courses in building and art. Applicants must have good qualifications, organising ability and varied teaching experience and should be interested in the whole field of secondary education. Application forms EO/TS10 (N.H.B.) to be obtained from and returned to Education Officer (EO/TS10), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, by October 21. Candidates who have recently applied for similar posts and who have no particulars to add may apply on form EO/TS10B. (1613.)

INTERNATIONAL Labour Office, Geneva. Competition No. 308 for the recruitment of a Russian-language Proofreader. This competition is open to male and female candidates, aged 23 to 45 years. Thorough technical training in printing trades. Fully satisfactory knowledge of Russian. Good knowledge of French or English. Closing date October 31, 1955. For further details and applic. forms apply in writing to: Personnel Office, International Labour Office, Geneva, Switzerland.

LITERARY monthly requires immediately young man, preferably in middle twenties, to work as general assistant to Editor. Should have university training and keen interest in modern English literature. Duties include liaison with printers and publishers, make-up, proof-reading and other practical jobs. Apply Box 322.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC. requires Talks Producer (British) for Overseas Talks and Features Department. Duties include formulation of ideas for and production of talks, interviews, discussions and talks features on wide variety of subjects, particularly current affairs, for broadcasting in General Overseas Services. Essential qualifications: wide interests, sympathetic approach to people, sound political judgment, interest in and knowledge of current affairs, especially in Britain and Commonwealth. Ability to conduct interviews at microphone an advantage. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1281 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

BBC. requires Hungarian Monitor at Reading, Berks, to report on radio transmission in Hungarian. Essential qualifications: sound knowledge of current political affairs, idiomatic knowledge of Hungarian, good English and perfect hearing, and ability to type. Starting salary £725 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising, subject to satisfactory progress, to a maximum of £1,115. Detailed applications, enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1289 N.Stm.," should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 12 days.

BRITISH European Airways require a woman Clerical Assistant at Head Office, Ruislip, to undertake statistical computation, prepare graphs and charts, and help with field observations in connection with Operations Research studies throughout the Corporation. Good standard of education. Mathematics to G.C.E. Advanced Level preferred. A statistical qualification an advantage. Salary £9 12s. 6d. p.w. rising to £11 13s. p.w. 5-day week, canteen facilities, air travel concessions in Europe, pension scheme. Applications, giving full details of age, quals. and exper. to Head Office Personnel Officer, B.E.A., Keyline House, Ruislip, Mddx.

THE British Shipbuilding Research Association has a vacancy for an Assistant Librarian (female) in a Technical Library. Work includes library records, cataloguing, loans, etc. 5-day week, 9.30 a.m. to 5.20 p.m. Canteen facilities. Pleasant working conditions and good prospects for the right person. Starting salary between £375 and £420 per annum. Write stating age, education and qualifications to The Secretary, British Shipbuilding Research Association, 5 Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon Street, W.1.

ENERGETIC young men of good education with or without a commercial background are invited to apply for the post of Programmer in LEO Computers, Ltd. Programming requires an imaginative and analytical mind, an ability to work accurately—and currently, readiness to work irregular hours when necessary. LEO Computers, Ltd., have developed programming techniques in commercial work over the last 4 years, and have a programming training course starting in November. Applicants should write to LEO Systems (S.R.O.), Elms House, Cadby Hall, W.14, giving brief outline of career to date.

CENTRAL Electricity Authority require an Assistant in the Economics and Statistics Branch, Headquarters, London. Candidates should have a degree in Economics and preferably some experience of industry or commerce. The work will be concerned with general economic intelligence. Salary within Grade 3, N.J.C., £615-£677 p.a. inclusive. Applications, stating age, present position and previous experience to D. Moffat, Director of Establishments, Winsley Street, W.1, by October 19, 1955. Quote Ref. AE/668.

FABIAN Society requires Assistant General Secretary. £475 or upwards according to qualifications. 4 weeks annual leave. Write for full particulars to General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

WOMAN with initiative wanted immediately to build Y.W.C.A. neighbourhood clubs in Harlow New Town. Positive Christian approach to community needs. Thrilling opportunity. Sal. £360 rising by £15 to £480 p.a. App. Y.W.C.A. Gen. Sec., 333 The Hides, Harlow.

SUMMERHILL needs young jun. teacher, single/married, 1 child if necess. No testimonials. A. S. Neill, Leiston, Suffolk.

WOMAN assistant editor of leading weekly magazine requires a personal assistant to work on feature stories. Preferred age 25-35. Initiative, stamina and willingness to do short-notice out-of-London journeys essential. Experience in films, press or television production desirable. Box 194.

LADY graduate, 25-33, wanted by postal college office in London; marking students' papers and other duties; some typing useful, shorthand not essent. Salary £9 10s. rising to £10 after six mths. Box 21.

COFFEE Bar opening shortly in Knightsbridge requires three attractive assistants. Box 71.

SPANISH/English Shorthand-Typist required for permanent position. Knowledge of French and Portuguese an advantage. Five-day week; canteen facilities, and a social and sports club. Apply initially in writing: Personnel Officer, May & Baker Ltd., Dagenham, Essex, quoting ref. 15s.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Psychologist in the Department of Clinical Research. Previous experience in clinical testing and investigation would be an advantage. The successful applicant will be expected to spend most of his time in investigation under the direction of the Director of Clinical Research; a small proportion of his time will be devoted to the psychological testing of patients for clinical purposes. Salary will be according to the scale laid down by the Ministry of Health for psychologists in the National Health Service. Applications with full particulars and names and addresses of three referees to be sent to the Medical Superintendent, Graylingwell Hospital, Chichester, Sussex, within 21 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Applications are invited from women graduates (age 30-40) for new appt. as Public Information Organiser. Candidates must have exp. in public speaking, Cttee. procedure and writing ability. Exp. of Social work field desirable. Duties (under direction of a Cttee.) will include forwarding aims of Assoc., responsibility for spreading knowledge through many media of the bases of Mental Health and principles of Mental Hygiene. Starting salary £700 p.a. Appns. to Gen. Sec., 39 Queen Anne Street, W.1, by October 20.

FAMILY Service Units (Patron H.M. the Queen Mother) requires full-time National Appeals Organizer to raise funds for expanding an established and very important pioneer social work. Not less than £750 p.a. paid to energetic man or woman able to produce results with minimum of supervision. Applications in writing giving full details to Sec., 25, St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required for four sessions a week by the London County Council for duties in connection with a school for maladjusted children at Royston, Herts. The work will be mainly in London. Rate of pay for candidates holding appropriate qualification, 26s. a session. Application form from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D1/1618), the County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by October 24.

FAMILY Service Units has vacancies for social workers, men and women, for the extension of its intensive casework with Problem Families. Resident and non-resident. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Training provided. Units at present operating in Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Oldham, Bradford, York, Leicester, Birmingham, Bristol, Sheffield and London. Further details: 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

SALARIED Club Leader reqd. for North West Jewish Boys' Club; full-time preferred but part-time (4/5 nights per week) consid. Apply in writing to M. Harris, N.W. Jewish Boys' Club, 60 Ashford Rd., N.W.2.

RE-ADVERTISEMENT: Manchester University Settlement. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men for the post of Youth Club Leader. Further particulars from the Warden, 20, Every Street, Ancoats, Manchester 4.

YOUTH Leader (man) required by progressive Church organisation with several centres in East End of London. Full details to Rev. Leslie Farmer, 3 Merchant St., E.3.

TWO Matrons (cheerful, efficient, kind disciplinarians) for twenty boarders 4-12 in homely school near London. Own children welcome. Box 260.

PERMANENT or temporary assistant required in Fabian Bookshop. £5 per wk. Pref. male under 25. Write to The Manager, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

SECRETARY reqd. for Architects' office, Westminster, to act as private secretary to two partners, keep records and simple accounts (accountant employed). P.A.Y.E. for about 18 staff, supervise one or two shorthand-typists and telephonist. £550 to £650 p.a. Applicants please write to Mr. Philip Powell, Powell & Moya, 36 Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind requires experienced shorthand-typist for Editorial Dept. Book lover preferred. Good salary with prospects. Write or phone Staff Sec., 224, Gt. Portland St., W.1. Eus. 5251.

INTELLIGENT Young Woman required for small office of West-End arts and crafts firm. Must be able to write own letters, deal with callers, etc. Interesting, perm. job for person of initiative. Box 234.

PART-time assistant private secretary, N.W. London, to psychiatrist and to clinical secretary of a children's organisation, two mornings weekly, 9-1. Good shorthand/typing and willing use dictaphone. Write Morgan, 36, Carlton Hill, London, N.W.8.

GENERAL Secretary required by the National Secular Society. Applicants with progressive and secular principles preferred. Write for appointment to 41 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

EXP. Shorthand-Typist, interesting sec. duties. Also part- or full-time general office assistant, varied duties. Apply in writing, stating age, exp., etc. Box 327.

NOT so young and even undeniably elderly applicants (m. & f.) nevertheless do find work through the Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PERSONAL assistant required for General Secretary. Good shorthand/typing. Salary £7, 5-day week, 3 weeks' holiday. Apply in writing: London Council of Social Service, 7 Bayley Street, W.C.1.

ENGLISH/Italian shorthand-typist required, full- or part-time, by Chemical Manufacturers. Box 329.

EDITORIAL Secretary reqd. for weekly educational journal. Good sh./typing, initiative and common sense essential. Commencing salary £400; pension scheme. Write, stating age, experience, and when available, to Box 453.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist of good education, experience and some knowledge of French and German required for Public Relations Dept. of Jewish international organisation. Write full details to Box 133.

PERSONAL Secretary/Committee Clerk. Well-educated shorthand-typist reqd. for this post. Salary according to age and exper. Apply Institute of Hospital Administrators, 75 Portland Place, W.1.

EXPD. responsible sh./typist reqd. by editorial/design consultants N.W.3. Speed & accuracy essen. Gd. sal. Box 306.

TELEPHONIST/filing clerk, ability to type and knowledge of German an advantage. Box 381.

WESTMINSTER Solicitors req. part-time records clerk. Suit retired civil servant or bank official. ABBey 4806 or Box 375.

POLITICAL office seeks competent shorthand-typist. Business experience pref. Varied work. 5-day week. Box 213.

REQD. Secretary, part-time or full-time. Solicitor's office, Holborn. MUS. 0538.

SECRETARIES, book-keepers and all office staff seeking well-paid, interesting posts are invited to call at The Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. WELbeck 4559.

ACCLAIMED for over 75 years for personal co-operation! Incomparable selection from thousands superior male/female permanent office staff posts. Temporary posts! Highest fees in London, continual work. Best firms. Ellison Gower Employment Specialists, 147 Oxford St. Per. Dept. GER. 3551/2. Temp. Dept. GER. 9451/2.

CLERKS (up to 40) of good education reqd. for numerous attract. posts frequently avail. at Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1.

OUR "Hand-Picked" Secretaries get the plum jobs. No fees. Wigmore Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUN. 9951/2/3.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

FIRST-Class Bookman with 20 years' home and overseas trade experience, accustomed to dealing with literary and theatrical V.I.P.s at highest levels, would be interested to hear from bookseller or publisher seeking to fill really worthwhile executive appointment offering scope, responsibility and remuneration appropriate to his qualifications and abilities. Write Box 13.

MIDDLE-aged retired lawyer seeks part-time work any sort, evenings or week-ends. Box 9964.

PH.D. wishes augment income considerably without much mental strain. Box 38.

GIRL, 22, Art teacher's certificate, seeks any sort of Art job in London area, not teachg. 38 Valley Rd., Welwyn Gdn. City.

FRENCH lady, resident Paris, seeks temporary situation as secretary, English/French shorthand. Has own car, typewriter. Suit industrialist abroad on business. Reply Charneau, 7 Rue Le Brun, Paris XIII.

LADY (married), Social Science Diploma, book-keeper, S/T., speaks French & Italian, drives car, seeks resp. posn. Box 39.

ECON. grad., 24, keen, intelligent, present teaching, seeks commercial/admin./executive post. Training welcomed. Box 280.

SCIENTIFIC Writing, Editing (serious/fiction), B.Sc. (Physics, chem.), M.Sc., working at home. Box 411.

STRUCTURAL engineer, maths., experienced, sks. part-time work. Box 364.

YOUNG woman 19 seeks well-paid job where she can use brain & energy: secretarial & other qualifications. Box 441.

EXP. trvld. sec. (28) sks. hard & intrstng. wk. Literature, Arts, Politics. Box 12.

INTELLIGENT sec. sks. wk. morns. N.W. Lond. pref. Also Fr. s/hand. GLA. 4107.

EXPD. Secretary sks. part-time work: lit., educ., international affairs. Box 186.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

STUDENTSHIPS

THE University of Hull. Research Studentship. The University proposes to award a Post-Graduate Studentship in the Faculty of Arts for full-time research in Arts, Economics or Law. The value of the award is at present fixed at £250 for one academic year, renewable for a second year. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent not later than Oct. 22, 1955. W. D. Craig, Registrar.

PERSONAL

RENT-free & pocket-money: comfortable room, N.W.3, offered by elderly lady in exchange for part-time help. Box 335.

PLAYS by Anouilh produced in French at L.C.C. Literary Institute. French-speaking people wishing join group please ring Mon.-Fri. after 6 p.m., PAD. 0450.

HOME sought for girl of 17 who has lacked affection and security all her life, and needs understanding, patient foster parents to help her overcome sad and cynical outlook on life. London area. Apply Children's Officer, Middlesex County Council, 10 Great George St., S.W.1.

ITALY. Wanted, girl, over 20, au pair with pocket money. Help with children; minimum one year. Mrs. Lamberti, Via delle Rose 16, Bologna.

LADY tied to ccuntry home, conscious lack urban stimulation and culture, offers Christmas or Autumn hospitality gratis to youngish townswoman. Box 334.

WOULD anyone like to help with fruit-bottling, preserving, needlework or other hsehld. tasks on farm-community? Food & acc., Engl. & Ger. spoken, soc. activities. Wheathill Community, Bromdon, Bridgnorth.

FREE accom. to educ. young woman, return care/companionship some week-ends girls 7 & 14. Ewart Biggs, SLO. 5043.

ECONOMICS student (m.), 27, seeks part-time post, Paris from November. Box 340.

YOUNG lady wishes exper. Soc. wk. Vol. evngs., wk.-ends. Suggstns. Box 338.

HIGHLY-educ. Italian girl sks. post. Freedom study afternoons. Box 467.

SAILING from New York Nov. 3. Assignments performed. Mature, trustworthy Cornellian. Box 172, New York 21, N.Y.

STUD. (f.) in desperate financial position sks. work wkends./evgs. Box 197.

BRIGHT, breezy, popular musical lecturer has a few free dates late this winter. Welcome Gramophone Societies. Box 169.

BARITONE, mid-age, wd. like meet player portable instrument. Box 9963.

GENTLEMAN, lengthy ski-ing experience, French, Swiss, Austrian Alps, seeks position Winter Sports Leader, December-March. Box 183.

A SOUND, profitable scheme to operate a luxury charter yacht in beautiful tropical seas. Participation offered to two or three keen investors. Box 9757.

OWNER going abroad. Hillman Minx '53, l.h.d., £450. Also new Ferguson Radiogram, £40. 'Phone BAY. 5371.

EDUCATED people, over 35, interested in the arts, chess, travel, conversation in English, French or German, invited to join proposed Social Circle. Non-profit-making. Please state telephone no. Box 221.

OFFICE space (furnished), telephone extension, messages taken, all facilities, Westminster, reasonable rent. Box 214.

HUMANISM is a faith for the modern world. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

ABBATT Toyshop, 94 Wimpole Street, W.1. Christmas Display now on view.

TRAIN as Home/Continental Couriers. Stamp for partics. H. & C. Couriers (1), 26 Mayfair Ave., Bexleyheath, Kent.

FRENCH tuition & trans. by French teacher (native), Central London. Box 30.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 152.

SPANISH teacher offers to teach Spanish. Write Marie Alvarez, 69 Redcliffe Close, Old Brompton Rd., S.W.5.

TO Let. Small room in private flat, Hampstead, suitable for office only. 'Phone PRImrose 2428.

JITENDRA Arya, Photographer, 157a Kensington High Street, W.8. WEStern 9146.

CÔTE D'Azur: Coastal Village. Furnished house, sleep 3. £20 monthly. Oct., Nov., Jan. until April. Other accom. avail. State reqs. S.A.E. Hollander, 24 Newman St., W.1.

SPEAK French, Conversation Courses (all grades), Discussion Groups at The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road. Office open 1-9 p.m. TRAfalgar 2044.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months with Setogni. Telephone WELbeck 3091 or RIChmond 3286.

STUDENT (m.) sks. lift Paris/South, Germany, Europe. Xmas. Box 293.

GRAMMAR School Entrance. A special home study course for parents wishing help their children with the State Examination. Write E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. NS.51.P., London, W.4. (Associated with H.M.V.)

WEAVING! Tuition, Yarns, Looms at Weaving Centre, 62 Dean St., W.1.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(T) Endsleigh Court, W.C.1. Booklet sent. Deferred terms.

IS it your son or daughter's birthday today? If so, will you help to make it a happier birthday for some less fortunate little boy or girl by sending a donation to the N.S.P.C.C., Room 68, Victory House, Leicester Square, London.

PERSONAL—continued

WINTER Sports. My 1955/6 Winter booklet contains a variety of inexpensive arrangements at the best Austrian, Swiss, Italian, French and Norwegian centres. Easy travel via short sea route. Snowsports sleepers at 1gn., couchettes 19s. 13 days' holiday from 23½gns. Write for free booklet now: Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SEASIDE boarding school premises, preferably South Coast, wanted to rent for summer vacation, 1956. Box 416.

GERMAN lessons by Diploma teacher, Austrian. Mrs. Liebmann, 72 Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. Fla. 9814.

FILM Training Unit. Full prof. training. Group Two now forming. Heatherleys, 33 Warwick Sq., S.W.1. VIC. 6077.

INTERESTING Autumn holidays. Stratford Theatre Weekends October 21 and Nov. 18. Vienna Opera party Nov. 12. Sunshine holidays in Madeira, Sicily, Southern Spain. Details from Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

"THE Art of Seeing." Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

AU Pair: We arrange 3-12 mths.' stay Switz., France, Belgium for yng. educ. girls will. help with children, easy housewk.; pkt. money. Early bkg. essen. Educ. Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

SPAIN, Majorca, Ibiza for Autumn sunshine. 15 days from £34 10s. including travel, full pension, etc. Free Guide & prog. from New Vistas Travel Service, Uxbridge Rd., Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

FOR the best Christmas Cards come to Caravel Press, Moxon St., London, W.1.

THE Foreign Ministers must agree: tell your M.P. on National Day of Deputations to Parliament, Oct. 25. For details apply B.P.C., 81 City Rd., E.C.1. CLE. 0383.

THE Bridge places man above society, groups, organisations and ideas. Write 128 Burnley Rd., N.W.10.

GUITAR Lessons. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

EYESIGHT re-education. Refractive errors and squint treated by qualified Bates Practitioner. Doris M. Brock, 55 Hale Lane, Mill Hill, London, N.W.7. MIL. 2307.

£1,000 offered to Story Writers! Editor wants serial openings. First Prize £500 and five prizes of £100. Full details from the Fiction Editor (Room K), Newnes-Pearson Publications, Tower House, Southampton St., Strand, London, W.C.2.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn. to 5gns. a box. One quality, the best! Write for Catalogue. Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. 'Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

A PART-Time occupation by writing or drawing? Our personal home study course will interest you. E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. NS.50.P., London, W.4. (Associated with H.M.V.)

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) & prospectus world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

YOU do not need a holiday or a rest cure if you have a course of Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment, relaxing & invigorating. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., W.1. WEL. 9600. Ask for brochure.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

NOW ready! The New Vince range of Sweaters, Shirts, Casual Jackets, etc. Vince Man's Shop, 5 Newburgh Street, Foubert's Place, Regent Street, W.1. GER 3730. Latest illus. catalogue sent on request. Open until 7 p.m. Thurs. and 3 p.m. Sats.

"HORSE of the Year" Show, Harringay. Breeding, character and performance—you will find them all in Straight Cut—the quality cigarette made by Lambert & Butler. 20 for 3s. 11d.

YES, I can usually arrange a finished portrait in a few days if there is a real emergency, but why not book an appointment with Anthony Panting now, while there is no hurry? 30 Abbey Gdns., N.W.8.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3, "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

HALF-TERM weekend at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, Oct. 28, Halloween Party & Folk dancing; Nov. 1 (midweek) "Initiative in Work & Leisure" and "Producing and Staging a Play."

"THOUGHTS in the Wilderness." Will anyone who, having read the thoughts in N.S. for Oct. 1, is interested in a small press and publishing enterprise in the Oxford area, please communicate with Box 344.

BACH., 40, offers home and partnership to another interested in spare time to share responsibilities small farm and gdn. Practical, cultured man 30-40 rqd. Box 282.

BRISTOL. Small furn. flat or room & kit. required. Reasonable. Box 464.

CHINESE B.A. (ex-Unesco) avail. for Private Tuition in Chinese. Transl./abstract., etc., undertkn. Suggs. welcome. Box 281.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

"PLAYING the Recorder" weekend, Oct. 21, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also "Living Drama" & "Learning a Foreign Language."

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner, Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. WEStern 5209.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern portable machines avail. for hire, £1 mthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WELbeck 6655 for details.

ORDINARY Writing at 110-120 words per min. All langs. Test lesson 2½d. Dutton Speedwords NS 92/3, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

P.S. Harold Ingham has been so busy with his "Summer Schools Abroad" this year (and expects to be even more busy with his 1956 programme—in preparation, enquiries invited) that there is almost no time for ski-ing. However, since he likes to go himself, he proposes to take a Christmas party to Obergurgl—stay in Bundessportheim, 16 days, 28½gns., inc. skis and lessons—departure December 17. Numbers very limited. Apply now to 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

LABOUR Monthly, October special Labour Party Conference issue includes "Crisis of the Labour Party," by R. P. D.; "Trade Bans Boomerang" (Cmdr. B. P. Young, R.N. Retd.); "Education To-day" (M. Cocke); more unpublished letters of Frederick Engels, etc., 1s. 6d. all newsagents or 9s. 1-yrly. from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

"LOOK and Listen," the independent journal devoted to all aspects of audio-visual education, is now under new editorship and management. Voucher copy gladly sent on request to the publishers, 62 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1.

WISE Investment follows wise reading. Weigh up prospects by reading the Investors' Chronicle, the best-informed and widest read financial weekly. Two issues free from 56 Investors' Chronicle House, 11 Grocers' Hall Court, London, E.C.2.

AUSTRALIA'S literary journal, "Meanjin" (No. 61), contains: "Katherine Mansfield," by Vance Palmer; Henry Handel Richardson's "Maurice Guest" and "The Young Cosima," by A. D. Hope and L. H. Triebel; Lu Hsün's "The True Story of Ah Q." by J. B. Hanson-Lowe; "Paul Claudel," by J. R. Lawler; "Estonian Peasant Rhymes," by Kenneth Porter; "Psychopathic Man in the Contemporary French Novel," by Jean Batt; "Arnhem Land Paintings," by Alan McCulloch; etc. Editorial: "Cultural Implications of Bandung." Short Stories, Poetry, Reviews. 160 pages; 30s. stg. a year. University of Melbourne.

"WATERCOLOURS" (1900); "Modern Art" (1919); Nash & Kennington "War Illustrations" (1914-18); Dresser "Studies in Design." 270 prints. MAI. 5512.

SERIOUS Books on Philosophy, Oriental Philosophy, History, Occultism, Theology wanted secondhand. Send lists with dates of publication to Armstrong & Groeber, 133 North End Rd., N.W.11. Ldn.

SOVIET Science: Papers on Co-ordinated Problems (Energetics-Agriculture-Biology-Geology-Archæology-Philology, etc., etc.). Also M. B. Neiman on Use of Radioactive Isotopes in Industry; Use of Solar Radiation; Life on Mars?; Automatisation in Agriculture, etc. Soviet Science Bulletin, Vol. 2, No. 3. 1s. 6d. post free 1s. 9d. from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8 (or bookshops).

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

GERMAN books in 2 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS, 2nd hand, posted. Write for lists: Silverdale, 47 Bank Street, Glasgow.

WE buy libraries of any description, particularly on Left movements & Russia. The Hammersmith Bkshop., W.6. RIV. 6807.

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The author, Dr. Henry Olsen, was for many years director of instruction and sexual hygiene for the city of Copenhagen. All but three public libraries in Denmark have copies of his textbook. He deals with The Human Organism; The Sex Organs; Hormones and the Sexual Functions; Sexual Need or Sex Urge; Living Together; Hygiene, Disturbances and Diseases of the Sex Life; Marriage; Sex Life of the Unmarried; Fertilization; Pregnancy; Childbirth; Contraception; Sterility; Masturbation; Sexual Abnormalities; and Sexual Education.
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ENTERTAINMENTS

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury (nr. Islington Town Hall), Tavistock Repertory Co. in prize-winning play, "Mr. Maypole," by R. D. Atkin. Opens Fri., Oct. 14. Also Sat. 15, Sun. 16 (members only); Thurs. 20, Fri. 21, Sat. 22, at 7.30. Seats 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., all bookable. Ring CAN. 5111 after 7.

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. Tues. to Fri., 7.45. Sats. 5.30 & 8.30 p.m. "The Sheep Well." Last week. MAR. 5973.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last 2 perfs. 5 & 8. "The Burnt Flower-Bed." Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. 10.30 ex. Mon., Sun. 9.30. Musical version "The Bells" 7.30, Sun. 6.30 "The Prisoners of War." Mems.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Oct. 16: "Les Enfants Du Paradis" (A). From Oct. 17: Gorki Trilogy Entire, Part I: "The Childhood of Maxim Gorki" (A).

UNITY: "The Road to Life," by Anton Makarenko. Fri., Sat., Sun., at 7.45. Membership 2s. 6d. a year. EUS. 5391.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sat. Oct. 29, 2.30. "Nature's Dominion," Mervyn Cowie's colour film of African wild-life. WAT. 3191.

ROXY Rep. BAY. 2345. Oct. 16. Moulin Rouge, A. Stranger Left No Card, A.

PROGRAMMES of Art Films at Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2, on October 16 and October 23 at 2.30 and 4 p.m. October 16: "Lascaux, Cradle of Man's Art," "Art Retrouvé" and "Children Learning by Experience."

NATIONAL Film Th., Sth. Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., Oct. 15. Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy in "Woman of the Year" (A). Dir.: George Stevens. 2, 4, 6, 8.

OPERA Circle. Season's first meeting Sun., Oct. 16, 8 p.m., 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Stanford Robinson introduces Bizet's "Le Docteur Miracle" with Adele Leigh, Marjorie Westbury, Bruce Boyce, Alexander Young. Nov. 6, Robert Elkin introduces "L'Oca del Cairo," Mozart. Partics.: Hon. Secretary, WEStern 7513.

UNITED Nations Day will be celebrated jointly by Asian Film Society and United Nations Association on Sun. Oct. 23, 6 p.m. at Scala Theatre, W.1. Programme includes two outstanding films "Mahatma" in English from India and "Children of Hiroshima" (X) from Japan. Tickets in advance 2s., 3s., 4s. and 6s. mems. Apply Asian Film Socy., 11 Greek St., W.1. Ger. 0073/0287.

RECITAL of Indian music, dance and dramatic sketches by Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, famous Indian poet and dramatist, supported by cast of artistes. St. Pancras Town Hall, Euston Road, N.W.1, on Wednesday, October 19, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets: 2s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. from India Arts Society, 47 Strand, W.C.2, and at door.

SUNDAY, October 16, and every Thursday, 7-11.30. Dancing in Gayest Continental Atmosphere to Isy Geiger of Radio Vienna & B.B.C. fame at the Cavendish Ballroom, 38 High Rd., Willesden. Tickets 5s.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Dancing to Don Simmons Group, Oct. 15, 8-11. Mems. 3s. and their guests 5s. Membership invited.

CONCERTS

ROBERT Masters Quartet. Piano Trio by Schubert, Piano Quartets by Dvorak & Fauré. Royal Festival Hall Recital Room. Sat., October 15, at 8.15 (WAT. 3191)

ST. Cecilia Trio. Piano Trios by Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms. Royal Festival Hall Recital Rm. Sat. Oct. 22, 8.15. WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Wed., Oct. 19, at 5.45. Flor Peeters—Organ Recital. Wks. Bach, Franck, Peeters, etc. Tickets 3s. 6d. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

INDO-British musical evening. Sidney Harrison, Solo Piano, Anna Pollak, Mezzo-soprano (by permission of Sadlers Wells Opera Co.), with Paul Hamburger at piano, John Hasted, Indian musicians and singers. Monday, October 24, at 7.30 p.m. Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, S.W.1. Tickets 2s. 6d. from India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2 (TRA. 6465), and at door.

PROGRESS in Piano Playing. Four Lecture-Discussions by James Ching, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, on Sats., Oct. 22, Nov. 5, 19, Dec. 10, at 2.30. Sat., Oct. 22: "Removing the Unnecessary Obstacles." No tickets. Silver collection Mus. Benev. Fund. Partics. & detailed Syllabus from 38a Hollycroft Ave., N.W.3 (HAM. 8256).

EXHIBITIONS

AN EXHIBITION of selected Scandinavian design in furniture and accessories as shown at Halsingbors, Sweden, will be held in the "Modern Interiors" on the third floor at Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, from Mon., October 17, until Sat., November 5.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leics. Sq. Lubarda & Leonard Appelbee, Paintings, David Smith Water-colours. 10-5.30. Until Oct. 20.

CHINESE Prints Exhib.—Collet's Gallery, 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Open till Oct. 29, week-days 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sats. 4 p.m.

PICCADILLY Gallery, 16a Cork St., W.1. Ceramics by W. Meyer-Michael and New Paintings by H. Veal. October 10-22.

SYMON Quinn Gallery, Victoria Lane, Huddersfield. Paintings by Roger Hilton

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MATTHIESEN Gallery—First London Exhibition, Angel Segurado. Oct. 14-29. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. 142 New Bond Street, W.1.

ST. GEORGE'S Gallery, 7 Cork St. Benjamin Creme, New Paintings, Sculpture. Autumn Collection Points. 10-6. Sats. 10-1.

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d., post free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Sculpture by Germaine Richier. Until November 5.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: The Story of Pharmacy; Child Welfare Through the Ages; The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Mon.-Friday. Adm. Free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Recent paintings by Keith Baynes. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BRITISH Watercolours & Drawings from the Gilbert Davis Collection (Second Series). Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes Oct. 22. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6, Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by John Bratby. 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

ZWEMMER Gall., 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Rec. Pntgs., Julian Treyelyan, Kathleen Allen. Oct. 18-Nov. 9. 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

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I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Eight Painters. Until November 5. Mon-Fri., 10.30-6, Sat., 10.30-1. Admission 6d.

GIMPEL Fils. 50 South Molton St., W.1. John Forrester—Constructions. John Levee—Paintings.

STEUBEN Glass Exhibition. Designs by Epstein, Sutherland, Dobson, Piper, Matisse, Cocteau, etc. Park Lane House (facing Dorchester Hotel entrance). Wkdays., 11-7, Sun., 2-7.

THE Renel Gallery, Burlington Arcade. Pastels by Helen Wilson. Oct. 11-29.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Jean Marchand (1883-1940); Original French Lithographs in Colour; Paintings by George Manchester. Hours 10-6. Sat., 10-1 p.m. Closes Oct. 22.

GAUGUIN Paintings, Sculpture & Engravings. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till October 26. Week-days 10-8, Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Michael Ayrton: an exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculpture, book illustration and stage design, 1944-1955. Week days 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19, Cork St., W.1. Rect. Sclptre by Emilio Greco; Fine French paintings, 19th & 20th Century.

BOHEMIAN Glass, Tea Centre, 22 Regent St. 10-6, Sun. 2.30-6. Adm. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Causation in the Law" will be given by Professor H. L. A. Hart (Oxford) at 5 p.m. on October 24 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

SOCIETY or Psychical Research. Gabriel Marcel will give the 12th Myers Memorial Lecture on "My First Encounters with Parapsychological Facts and their bearing on Philosophy" at 6.30 p.m. on October 26 at Caxton Hall (Great Hall), Caxton Street, Westminster. Open to the public. Adm. free.

LIGHTNING Chess Tournament. Fri., Oct. 21, 7.30 p.m. At S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Please reserve boards.

BRAINS Trust on Soviet Education. By 1955 visitors to U.S.S.R. Lady Simon of Withenshaw, Deana Levin & others. Thurs. Oct. 20, 7.30 p.m., at S.C.R., 14, Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. 1s.). Also S.C.R. Education Section A.G.M. at 6.30.

DEPENDENT Peoples' Freedom Day. Commemorative Social and Dance, 7.30 p.m., Saturday, October 29, 1955, at Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1. Asian Cabaret including dancing and music. Tickets, price 1s. 6d., obtainable from the Acting Secretary, British-Asian Socialist Fellowship, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1, or at door.

PERSONALIST Group. Kathleen Nott on "Literary Existentialism," Conway Hall, Thurs., October 20, at 7.30 p.m.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sunday, Oct. 16. King's Weigh House Church, Binney St., W.1. Nr. Bond St. Stn. Discourse by Rev. Stanley Evans, M.A.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Business and Professional Forum. "Independent Television—Is it a Success?" Speakers: G. A. Jelly, Assoc. Broadcasting Co., Ltd.; Frank Coven, Assoc.-Rediffusion, Ltd.; R. Goold-Adams, Ind. Television News, Ltd. On Thursday, October 20, Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, at 7.45 p.m. Visitors 3s. 6d.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. October, 8.15 p.m., Tuesday, 18. Discussion with new illustrations, on Le Corbusier at Ronchamp. Speakers: Henry-Russell Hitchcock, Peter Smithson and J. M. Stirling. Chair: Colin St. John Wilson. Wednesday, 19, Poetry: A reading by Thomas Blackburn and Robin Skelton. Chair: Bonamy Dobrée. Mems. 2s., Guests 3s. M'ship. Invited.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Tom O'Brien on "Strikes in Modern Society," 7.30 p.m., Wed., Oct. 19, St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PAR. 7379. Oct. 14, 8 p.m. Rev. A. Bloom, "Sorsky and Volokolamsky." Oct. 21, 8 p.m., Prof. Grabar (Collège de France), "Ikons" (with slides).

CYPRUS Brains Trust. Jeger, Hale, Kyprianou, etc. Weigh House, Binney Street, W.1. 7.30 p.m., October 20. Peace News Meeting.

BAHA'I Centre, 27 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. Public Meeting 8 p.m. Thur. Oct. 20. "The Birth of a World Religion."

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8. Oct. 22, 6 p.m. Miss M. Lawrence: "University Life in England—Then and Now."

JOHN Lawrence, former Press Attaché in Moscow & editor of Christian News-Letter, speaks on "The Soviet Union Revisited." Chelsea Town Hall, October 20, 8 p.m. 1s. Chelsea B.S.F.S. All welc.

THE Haldane Society. "Reichstag Trial 1934—Karlsruhe Trial 1955": Ben Parkin, M.P. and Neil Lawson, Q.C. Fri., Oct. 21. Friends House, Euston Rd. 7.15. Nazi recording of Reichstag Trial played.

PETER Townsend speaks on his recent book "China Phœnix," at Collet's Exhibition Gallery, 45 Museum St., W.C.1. Next Tuesday, October 18, at 6.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. from Collet's.

SCIENTISTS discuss China. Prof. Bernal, Prof. Lonsdale, Dr. Needham. Chair: Dr. H. Joules. Wednesday, Oct. 19, 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Reserved seats 2s. 6d., unreserved 1s. Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. TERminus 2522.

THE London Society of Jews & Christians. Tues., Oct. 18, at 8.15 p.m., at King's Weigh House, Church Hall, Binney Street, Oxford Street, W.1. The Lord Bishop of Sheffield will speak on "Human Relations in Industry." The Very Rev. Dean of St. Paul's in the chair. All welcome.

"DEATH or Life from the Soil." Lady Eve Balfour (Soil Assoc.), Mon., Oct. 17, 7.29 p.m., Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Free. (Reserved 2s. 6d., from London Natural Health Society, 50 St. George's Drive, S.W.1).

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Wed., Oct. 19, 6.30. "Knowing One's Own Mind," Mr. M. O'C. Walshe, M.A. Read "The Middle Way"—2s. 6d. quarterly. Information EUSton 7770.

INDIAN Inst. of Culture. London Br., Fri., 8.30, Oct. 21. A. B. Purani. "Sri Aurobindo's Philosophy: Its Relation to Life." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Sq.

LECTURES at Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2, October 18, at 7 p.m., "18th Century Furniture," by John Lowe, Oct. 25, 7 p.m., "19th Century Furniture," by Peter Floud. Nov. 1, 7 p.m., "20th Century Furniture," by Sir Gordon Russell.

ALL Nations Social Club. Parliamentary Brains Trust. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, M.P. (Lab.); Robert Carr, M.P. (Cons.) (P.P.S. to Prime Minister); Donald Wade (Lib.). Questions from audience. Wed. Oct. 19, 8 p.m., at 83 Chiltern St. (nr. Baker St. Stn.). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

NIGERIA Union. Fri., Oct. 14, 7.30. Hon. Dr. Zik, Premier E. Nigeria, on "Evolution of Federal Government in Nigeria," Central Hall, Westminster. All welcome.

"HUNGARY—Questions and Answers," discussion, chairman, Gordon Schaffer; panel: Leon Griffiths (journalist), Albert Baker (Ed. "World News"), Harold Walton (For. Ed. "Evening News"), Audrey Hunt (A.Sc.W.), Dr. R. Belbin (Scientist). At British Hungarian Friendship Soc., 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2 (Nott. Hill Gate), Saturday, Oct. 15, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 9d.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Government by the People." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sun., October 16, 7 p.m. Music & readings at 6.30.

RACIAL Unity: Lecture by Mr. Cedric Dover, "The Colour Problem in Britain," 7 p.m., Monday, Oct. 17, at 32, Tavistock Square. Members free, sub. 10s.

ARCHIBALD Robertson, M.A., "Has Life a Meaning?" Oct. 16, 11 a.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

"THE National Health Service, How Can It Be Defended, Improved and Extended?" The Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan, M.P., Dr. Horace Joules, Dr. S. Leff. Chair: Dr. David Stark Murray. Conference 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. Saturday, October 29, Battersea Town Hall, London, S.W.11. Tkts. 2s. 6d. Socialist Medical Assocn., 86 Rochester Row, London, S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY College, London. Free Public Lectures, Autumn Term 1955. Tues., Oct. 25, at 5.30, The W. P. Ker Centenary Lecture by Professor James Sutherland. Thurs., Oct. 27, at 5.30, Inaugural Lecture by Professor H. C. Allen, American History in Britain. Thurs. and Tues., Nov. 3, 8, 10, 15, at 5.30 p.m., Lord Northcliffe Lectures in Literature by Professor R. Syme, Tacitus. Complete list of public lectures (including lunch-hour lectures) from Publications Officer, University College, Gower St., W.C.1. (Stamped env. reqd.)

NEW Horizons for International Co-operation. W. J. W. Cheesman. "The Middle East—Co-operation in the Arab States." Wed., Oct. 12, 7.30. Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1. Free. London Co-operative Societies' Joint Education Committee.

FORWARD from Defeat. Fabian Autumn Lectures. Crosland, Crossman, Dalton, Strachey. Livingstone Hall, November 2, 9, 16, 23. Details 11, Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

PUBLIC Protest Meeting against the suffering of animals transported to the vivisection laboratories. Caxton Hall, Westminster, Thurs., Oct. 20 at 7 p.m. Chair: Peter Freeman, M.P. Spkrs.: Three medical men. You are cordially invited to attend.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday 18th Oct., at 7.1 p.m. Archibald Robertson, M.A., "Christianity with Myth?" Adm. free. Collns.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Public lect., Sun., 8 p.m., Oct. 16: "The Origin of Evil."

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"POPULAR Opiates." To-day people are offered "opiates" stronger than ever "religion" was, when Marx quoted Charles Kingsley. Lectures will be given at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1, on Thursdays at 6.30 p.m., from October 20 to December 8. These will survey the field of "mass communications" for which all responsible people, and Christians in particular, have a special concern to-day. Radio & Television, Cinema, "Olympiads," Sport, Popular Music and Popular Religion will be considered; speakers will include: Mr. D. Batchelor, Dr. H. Clifford, Mr. V. Cox, The Revd. M. Morris, Mr. P. Noble, Le R. Père Pichard, O.P., Mr. E. W. F. Tomlin, The Revd. P. McLaughlin. Admission 2s. (season ticket 15s. 6d.). Programme and details from Sec., St. Anne's House (GER. 5006).

"POLITICAL Theory To-day." An Enquiry, the purpose of which is to examine the implications of British politics, national and international, in the 20th century, and to consider how far traditional political thinking needs to be revised in this new situation. Discussion will be opened by Alfred Cobban, Michael Fogarty, Christopher Hollis, Roy Lewis, R. L. Marris, Ursula Branston and others, at St. Anne's House, 57, Dean Street, W.1. Mondays at 6.30 p.m., from October 17 to December 12. Admission, by ticket only, 2s.; Season ticket, 15s. 6d. Progr. and details from Sec., St. Anne's House, GER. 5006.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled "L'iconoclasme byzantin: Etude archéologique," will be given by Professor A. Grabar (Collège de France) at 5.30 p.m. on October 19, 20 and 27 at the Courtauld Institute of Art, 20 Portman Square, W.1. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on (i) "Riflessi nella Divina Commedia della vita familiare di Dante"; (ii) and (iii) "Titanismo e pietà in G. Leopardi," will be given by Professor U. Bosco (Rome) at 5.30 p.m. on October 17, 20 and 21 at University College (Gustave Tuck Theatre), Gower St., W.C.1. Lectures in Italian. Admission free, without ticket.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers and teachers, with individual tuition in voice and instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing and choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

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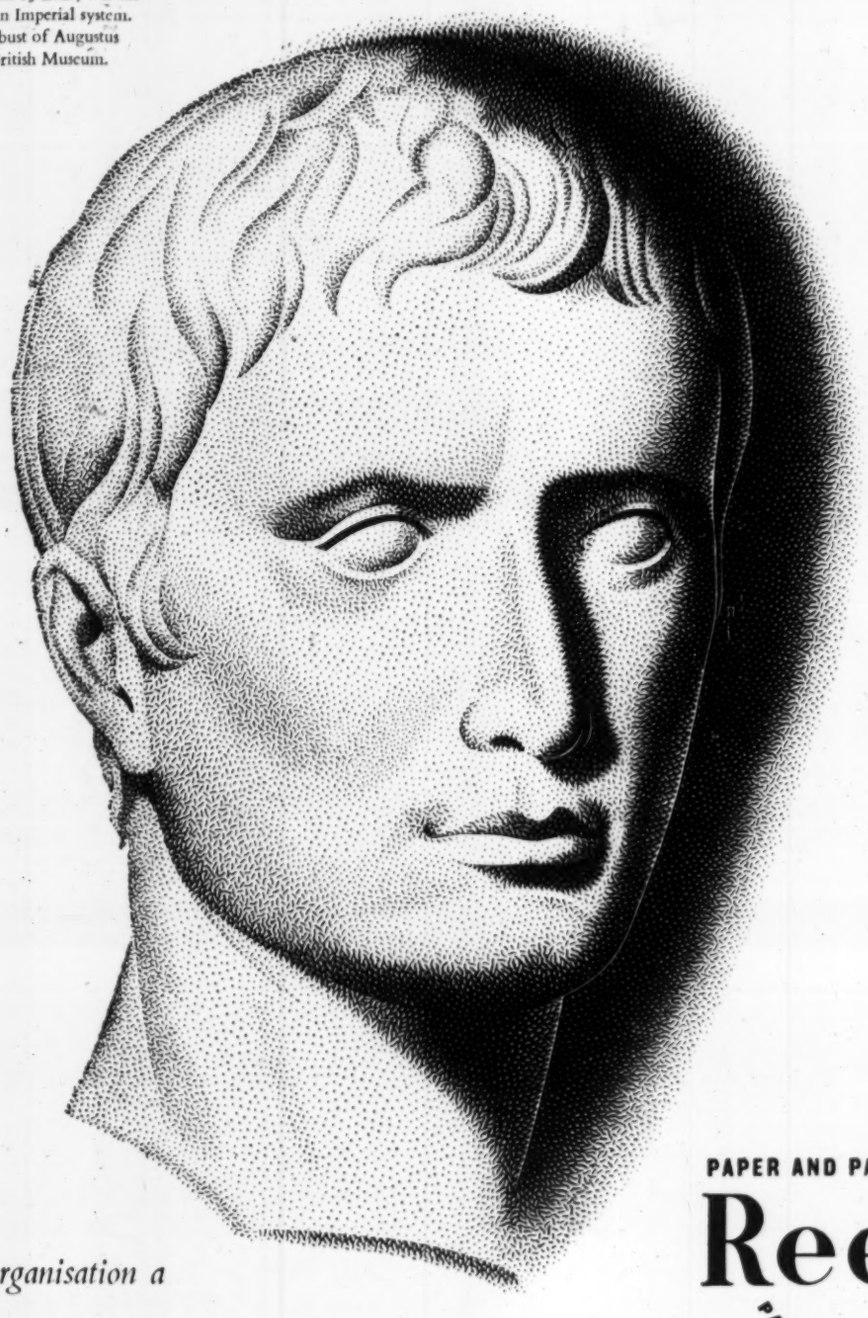

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